Saturday Review

OCTOBER 27, 1962 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

SHOULD WE CONTINUE THE CULTURAL EXCHANGES WITH THE USSR?

By William Benton

ELECTION 1962: THUNDER ON THE RIGHT

By Elmo Roper

THE VAN CLIBURN CONTEST: AN SR REPORT

By Paul Hume

FRANK WALKER'S FRESH LOOK AT VERDI

By Herbert Weinstock

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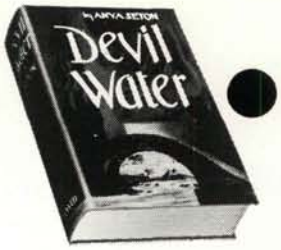

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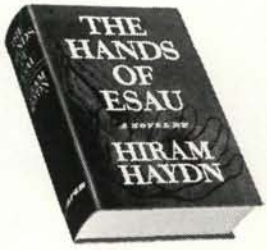

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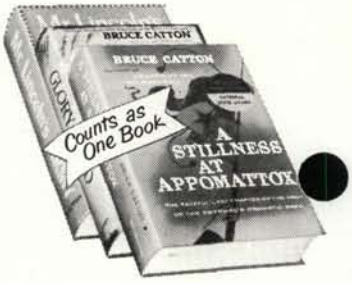

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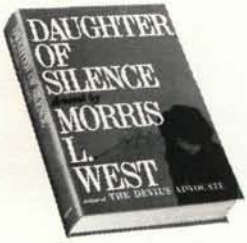

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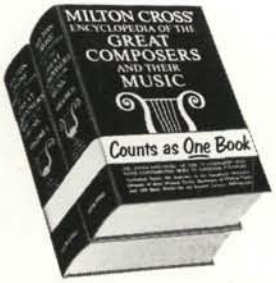

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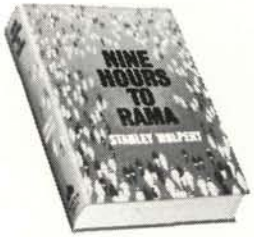

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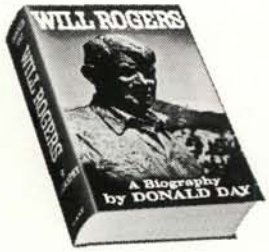

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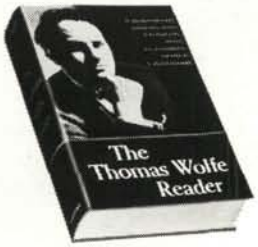

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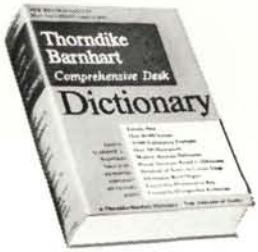

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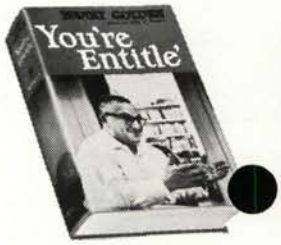

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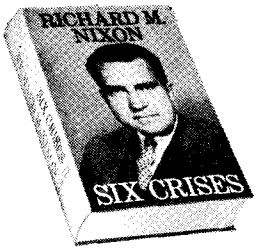

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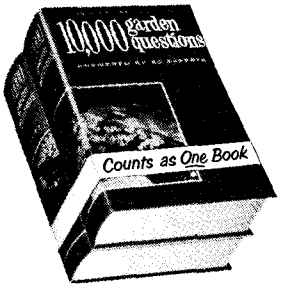

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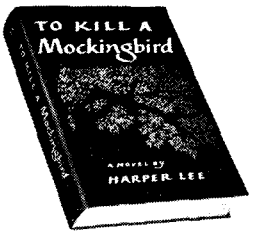

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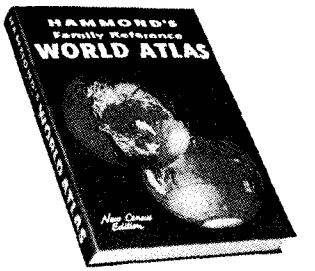

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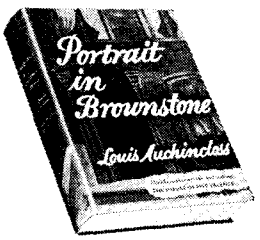

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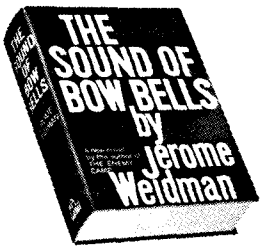

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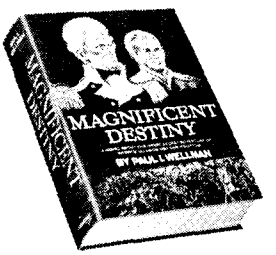

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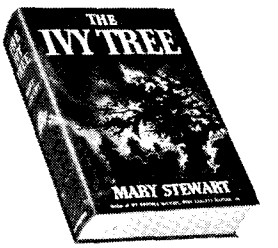

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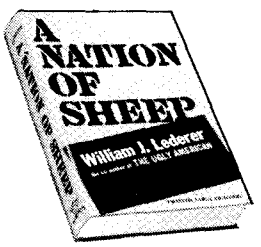

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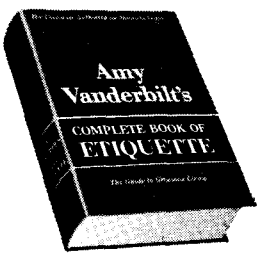

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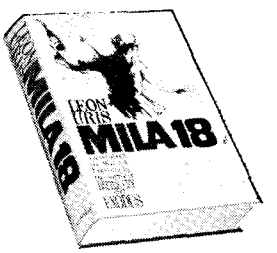

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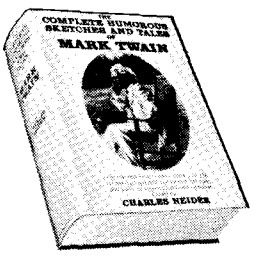

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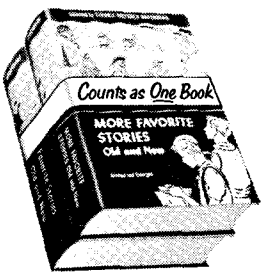

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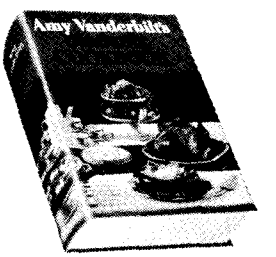

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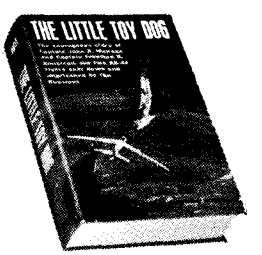

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EVEN PUCCINI

Young, beautiful, shy, tender and yet a bit of a coquette that's how Puccini portrayed Mimi in La Bohème. The charming young woman on the stage of the Rome Opera House, her lilting soprano lifted in the lovely aria Mi chiamano Mimi (I'm known as Mimi), seemed to embody perfectly Puccini's vision of the adorable Mimi. She's known as Anna. Anna Moffo, and she is, as one of her colleagues at the Metropolitan Opera says, "the most exquisite Mimi in memory."

Completely staged for realistic sound, a bed was even brought on stage to record Mimi's delicately tragic death scene. The producer couldn't see the stage from the control room, but at one point said over the intercom, "Anna, you're not lying down." And indeed, she had been sitting on the bed. You will sense she was reclining for the final recording when you listen to this tender, poignant scene at home.

Recorded exactly as Puccini wrote it, Conductor Erich Leinsdorf keeps the whole production lively, young, quickly-paced. Richard Tucker and Robert Merrill as Rodolfo and Marcello are wonderfully spirited opposite Miss Moffo's Mimi and the Musetta of Mary Costa, whose voice suits the role of the volatile vixen to perfection. Together, they all breathe the wonderful spirit of youth into this delightful new La Bohème—its smiles are youthful; so are its tears—and that's how Puccini wrote it 66 years ago.

WOULD ADORE MOFFO AS MIMI

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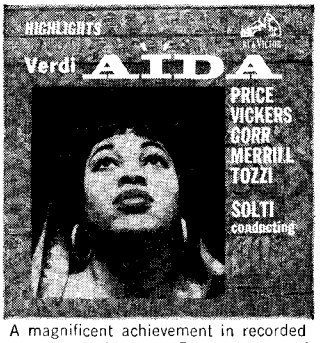

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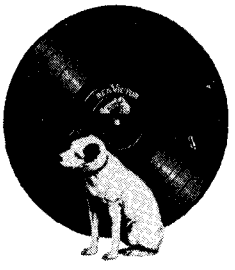

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October 27, 1962

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One Nation, Divisible

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HOW ABOUT A LITTLE LIBERTY AND JUSTICE AROUND *HERE*, FOLKS?

WHEN I was a kid (NO! This isn't one of those pieces by an ex-Hartford lad who married a simple Cambodian girl and spent the next fifteen years selling delightful stories about his wife's family to the slicks) . . . when I was a kid there were just a handful of countries. France, Spain, Germany, England, Russia, a few South and Latin American places, China, some things around the Mediterranean like Italy and Egypt, a few outlying districts such as Mesopotamia, French Indo-China and South Africa, and everything else was a colony, a protectorate or an island in dispute.

Bosnia and Herzegovina were lately gone. Transylvania was gone. I think Albania had left. The Uzbeks, Kazakhs, and Ukrainians had lately had bad news. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was kaput. And that was the politico-geographic state of the world.

The United Nations started up with fifty countries, a few of which had been thoughtfully declared countries all over again by the USSR. Poland's memory was jogged and it came in about six months later, making fifty-one. Today there are 109. Where had these other fellows been? Well, some didn't know they were countries for quite a spell and others *suspected* they were but couldn't find names. I imagine that was the problem with, for example, Upper Volta and Chad. Persia already had found out that it was actually Iran but Ivory Coast hadn't found out anything at all and hasn't yet.

One of these days the U.N. will probably admit Red China and discover that they have actually admitted six countries . . . two Mongolias, Manchuria, Sinkiang and Tibet. And China.

It is clear (a favorite phrase of Presidents and others who are about to make cloudy statements) that any two or three hundred square miles of geography (Liechtenstein, ninety-nine sq. mi.; San Marino, thirty-eight sq. mi.) can declare itself a country and can register ships, get a flag, sing an anthem. Borrow money.

Recently, Sukarno took over West Irian (as distinguished from North Irian)—a nation? Everybody agreed it is a completely useless place except the Dutch, but they've been complaining about losing territory since 1664, which you are welcome to look up. In that year they lost an island about fourteen-and-a-half miles long and left a place called Yonkers (Junkers).

All this has encouraged me to submit my *own* country to the U.N. for consideration. Nobody else wants it. It's in the center of Australia and is called "Outback." They are on our side. They deserve just what we've got and they have every right to it. The Republic of Outback demands freedom from Australian domination, a Constitution based on that of their despised enemies, the British, and a national anthem which is now being composed by a sheepherder near Barrows Creek. Our bushmen are yearning to be free and as soon as they've settled some tiny rivalries they demand their seat. And a small loan for an atomic pile.

By the way, they also demand freedom for New Guinea, the Admiralties, and what's left of Papua.

Remember, they're on our side.

—HENRY MORGAN.

• • •

A BANDAGE BY ANY OTHER NAME

This morning, I received a letter that said:

"Dear Mr. Schoenstein:

"We have noticed in your writing recently that you misused our registered trademark, BAND-AID. BAND-AID is always used as an adjective—never a noun. Therefore, as an adjective, it must always be followed by the descriptive name of the particular one of our several products bearing the trademark. Here are some examples of proper usage: 'BAND-AID Plastic Strips,' 'BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages,' 'BAND-AID Plastic Tape,' etc.

"One other point: since BAND-AID is an adjective and not a noun, it is not correct when used in the plural."

The letter was signed by a lawyer from Johnson & Johnson. I'm delighted to cooperate with his request. Just watch this:

"Care for a BAND-AID Plastic Strip, my darling?" said Claude to his beloved. "I'd love to give you two, but they're singular."

"Oh, all you ever care about is my *flesh*!" cried Grace, putting her fist through the French window in the kind of pique fit that had plagued her romance.

"Oh, dear," said Arthur, somewhat alarmed, "Now I'm afraid you really *will* need some BAND-AID Plastic Strips, a few BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages, ten yards of BAND-AID Plastic Tape, or five stitches." He turned towards the pantry and called with a certain urgency, "Jenkins, bring all the BAND-AIDS you can procure."

Five minutes later, Claude was still waiting impatiently on the ottoman, where he caressed his beloved's bloody fist. "Jenkins!" he cried. "Where are those BAND-AIDS I asked you to procure some time ago?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Jenkins, entering the library, "but BAND-AID is an adjective, not a noun. I've been waiting for you to modify something with it."

"Of course; my fault; awfully sorry; shoddy grammar."

"You left me dangling, sir. Sorry that madam had to lose so much color in the interim, but a call for BAND-AIDS surely couldn't have helped her. You know I can bring only the singular."

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN.

• • •

A HALTING HOMER CONTEMPLATES HIS OWN BUST

PASS THE SACCHARINE, PLEASE

How much I've gobbled since my birth
Is shown in my too ample girth.

SIGMUND FREUD (1856-1939)

The time spent on my doctor's couch
Is best expressed in one word: "Ouch!"

EX MARKS THE SPOT

My barren pate's precisely where
I had the hair no longer there.

GONE ARE THE DAYS

I give more than a tinker's damn
When I t'ink how old I am.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Sleeping pills I never take,
Explaining why I'm wide awake.

IT SEEMS THAT I SHALL NEVER BE

Fools are made by guys like me
Out on a limb on a God-made tree.

—ARTHUR KOBER.

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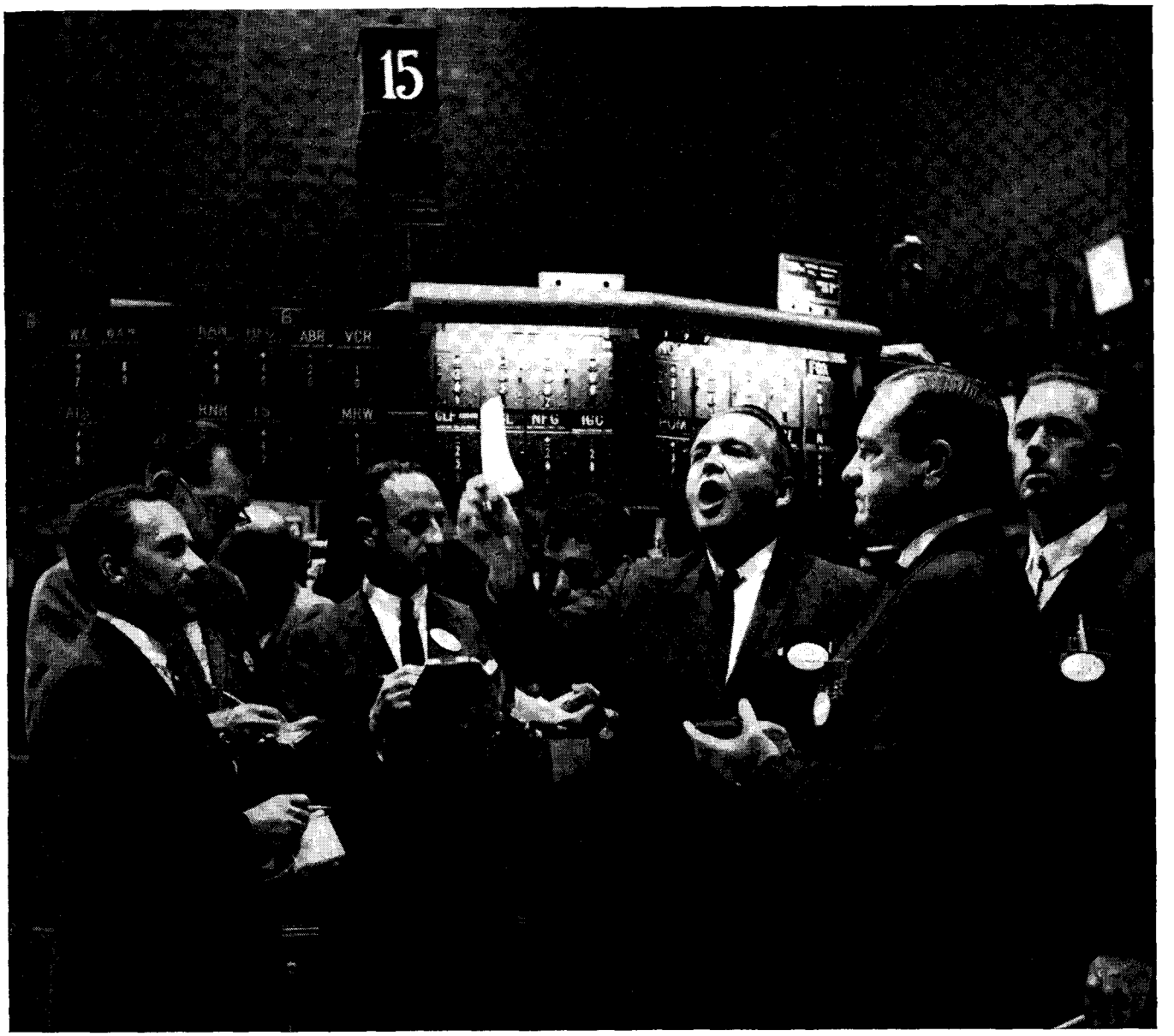

"Open Outcry"

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What happens when you place an order to buy or sell a stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange?

Many things.

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These are typical of the many procedures followed by the New York Stock Exchange in its continuing effort to maintain a fair and orderly market for investors.

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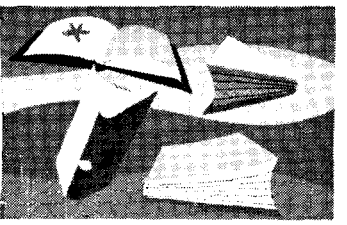
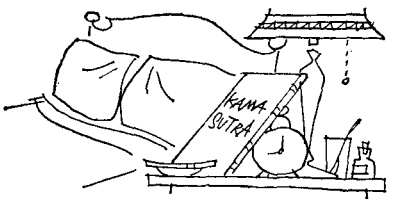
Trade Winds



SLOGANS MAY OR MAY NOT help sell a book, but Howard Schneid, the man who handles the book department of Klein's Store in Westport, Connecticut, has come up with one which he claims is responsible for making the



new best-seller, "Vatsyavana's Kama Sutra," sell even better. The book is a classic on love and on the relationship between men and women.

"I just refer to it as the 'Bedside Baedeker'," he says, "and I can't keep a copy in stock."

SLOGANS, IT SEEMS, DO a masterful job in making it easy for people to avoid original thinking. But from out in Arvin, California, Abe Halperin sends an apt suggestion for all who go in for book-burning: Better dead than read.

WITH THE YOUNGER GENERATION coming along to examine traditions with a cold, fishy stare, slogans and clichés are probably going to have to take a back seat. For instance, Fawcett Publications recently received this note from a critical moppet:

"I enjoyed your book 'The Wizard of Oz' very much," the letter says. "I have some comments to make about your book. The Scarecrow didn't have any brains but how come he used them when he was thinking of building a raft? The tin woodsman didn't have any heart, but how come he lived without a heart? How come he cried when he step on a bug? The lion had no courage, but how come he was brave enough to jump over the pit? If you can answer my questions I will be glad."

Anyone lion-hearted enough to try?

THERE SEEMS TO BE A CHANGE of tradition in the wind, even up at Harvard. Bob Baker, of the Harvard University Press, informs us that the poetry courses at this distinguished institution are being planned to eliminate the metric foot as a basis for scanning.

"We're going to drop the foot," he writes, "and change it to the Ovid Yard."

FAR WORSE THAN THAT, there's reported to be a mathematics professor up there, specializing in geometry, and so obsessional about it he was heard to mutter: "I love my wife, but oh, Euclid!"

IT WILL ONLY BE a matter of moments before Vance Packard's new scalpel will do an "exploratory" on the American executive. The title is "The Pyramid Climbers," under the McGraw-Hill logo.

Getting uncluttered, straight-from-the-attaché-case facts for a project of this sort isn't easy. Executives are notoriously gun-shy about talking, and to get around this Packard devised a form letter which read: ". . . I will undertake to show you—when the book is completed—all references to you or your organization that are drawn from our talk, or are based on material that you may supply. In any cases where you feel it advisable I will eliminate such identification . . ."

But in spite of this protection, some executives were liverish about the whole idea. One man from a multi-billion-dollar industry called Mr. Packard from his home on a Saturday because he didn't dare use his office phone. Another painstakingly typed out some information on his son's typewriter on a plain sheet of paper, and sent it in a plain envelope. A third executive revealed that the most awful thing ever said to him was when his company president told him to "get straightened out on your politics." The executive insisted that Packard identify him as coming from an entirely different part of the country than where he worked.

SPEAKING ABOUT HER BROTHER Ernest Hemingway, Marcelline Hemingway Sanford told us many things.

"Ernest always liked to kid people along," she said. "He never really lied—but he absorbed outside things and made them part of himself. He let the story get out that he diligently practiced the cello for a year, but he actually never did. He enjoyed stretching the truth for the sake of a good story."

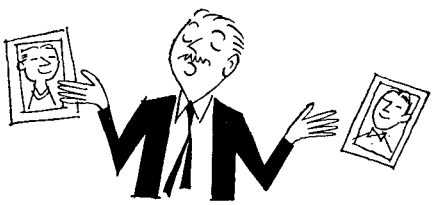
Mrs. Sanford's recent book "At the Hemingways: The Years of Innocence" made interesting lunch-time conversation. "Ernest had a bubbling sense of humor," she told us. "He loved to do take offs, and I'm afraid he never pulled his punches. Sometimes his humor was merciless."

Hemingway's great interest in wri ing came out in English V and VI at Oak Park High School, in Illinois. Though originality was encouraged, the English department took a rather dim view of Hemingway's abrupt style.

Hemingway had several personality quirks which Mrs. Sanford talked about freely. "He always claimed to be older than he was," she said. "I guess he felt that this would make him seem more worldly and experienced. He grew his first beard in 1919. It was part of his strong yearning for getting attention."

In high school, young Ernest played some football as a varsity substitute, managed the track team, and was on the swimming team, foreshadowing the active life he was to follow always.

On his relationship with Gertrude Stein, Mrs. Sanford spoke bluntly again: "He really resented the story that made



the rounds indicating that Gertrud Stein had fostered his style of writing. He had developed it all on his own, and didn't quite see why she should take credit for it."

But even the famous are without honor in their own families. When Hemingway's father, who brought up two boys, was asked if he wasn't extremely proud of his son, the father replied: "Which one?"

FROM DOWN IN Florida, we learn from Mrs. Katherine Boyce that a mythical Peace Corps worker reported to his superiors by transatlantic phone: "What we're trying to plant here is peace and harmony."

Within a few weeks, a freighter arrived filled with split peas and hominy grits. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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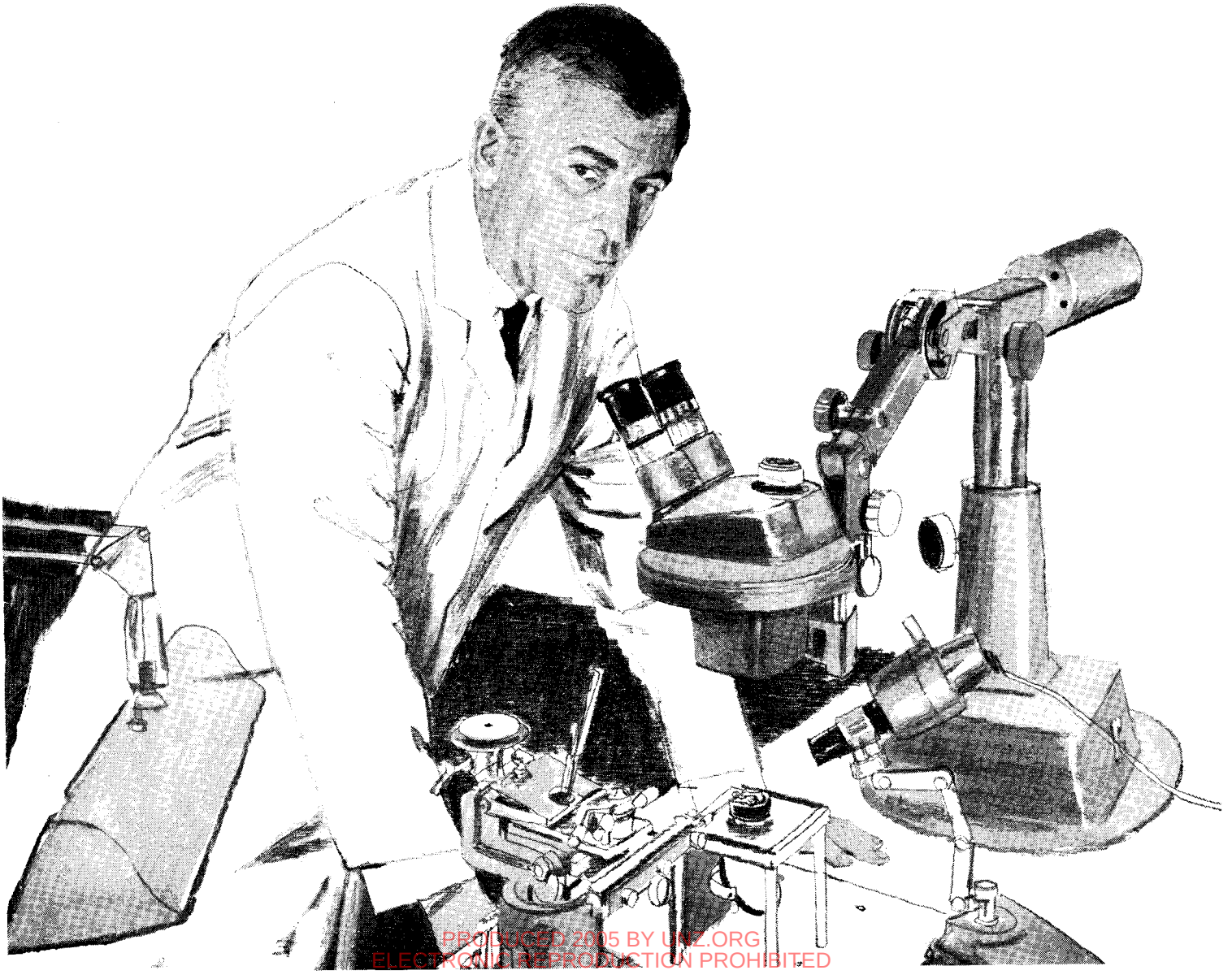

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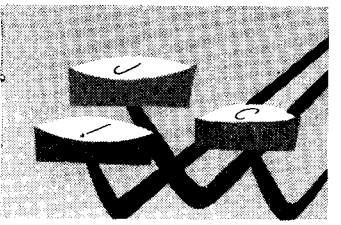
Manner of Speaking



WHOSE USAGE COUNTS? Is there no final question of right and wrong in English usage? The recent crossing of opinions in these pages when Margaret K. Bonney (*SR*, September 15) replied to Mario Pei (*SR*, July 21) leaves me with persuasions working on both sides of the question, confusion walking down the middle, and a simple proposal to make.

My first real tussle with a qualified linguist occurred when I appeared on Bergen Evans's TV show some years back and found myself at odds with him over his willingness to accept the usage "a crusading Egyptian newspaper." I hope I am stating his position fairly when I say he was ready to accept the word "crusade" in its extended sense as meaning, roughly, "any campaign or concerted action toward a good cause." I, simply enough, was not willing to give away the word "cross" locked into the roots of the word. A crusade is, literally, "an act of [going to] the cross." The Egyptians, I had to insist, were clearly on the other side of that one.

Professor Evans does, to be sure, know about word roots: I was prepared to grant this point that the word "crusade" does function in its extended sense. By "extended sense" I think I mean "away from root meaning." Obviously no man can expect all those who speak a language to respond sensitively to all the roots of all its words. I cannot myself pretend to know enough roots in enough languages to speak English with that ultimate distinction. In the particular case of "crusade" I am ready enough to accept the word in its extended sense in almost any Christian context. But I must draw the line there. I cannot accept Egyptians as crusaders any more than I can accept the Union Army as the Confederate, or *vice versa*.

Words, of course, are constantly evolving things. That process of extension away from root meanings is as sure as the force of living language. A dead language, in fact, is best defined by the fact that its words have already gone through all the changes of meaning that will ever grow upon them. It is in the nature of living words to change as the life of those who speak the language changes. How else could language be able to meet our demands upon it?

The word "broadcast" is a fair example of one way in which words change in response to the lives of those who use them. For centuries the word signified the act of a country-man in scattering certain kinds of seed in his fields. He marched back and forth carrying a sack of seed and cast it about him with a broad sweep of his arm—a broad cast.

Such a firmly pictorial word inevitably lends itself to metaphor. I have no doubt that metaphoric extensions of the word can be culled from every century of English Literature. I suspect, however, that anyone in the past who used it in a metaphoric sense was aware of his metaphor, for every man of the past would have had in his head a picture of that unchanging sower at his work.

Then, in the 1920s radio came along and it seized upon the word — as a metaphor. By repeated usage, however, the word went far toward losing its original metaphoric force. At the same time the United States became increasingly urbanized. And also at the same time, farmers were generally turning to new sorts of machinery to get their sowing done. The ancient broadcaster of the fields was no longer a common figure. His image disappeared from both the world and the word as far as most Americans were concerned. The image they then began to see in the word was more likely that of a man with a microphone in his face, or of a great steel tower with diagrammatic lightning shooting forth in all directions.

And now, mutation upon mutation, even that changed word is going out, all but replaced by the coinage "telecast" or the British "transmission."

So will it ever be with language; its power is that it lives, and to live is to change. But is every usage permissible simply because some sort of linguistic Gallup poll demonstrates that more people than any other illiterates spoke "like" for "as"? Yes, I know the Elizabethans did, too, and that I am in danger of arguing for the fossils, along with Jonathan Swift, who held the usage "mob" to be an ignorant corruption of "*mobile vulgus*." It was as offensive to his ear as "rep" for "reputation" is likely to be to yours (and certainly is to mine).

At this point I am in the center of my confusions with nothing to trust but my own firmly prejudiced ear. Usage, to be sure, must rule in the long run,

The secret? No secret; just a modern dictionary with accepted usage

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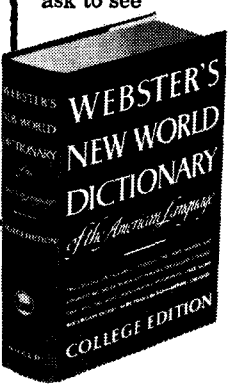

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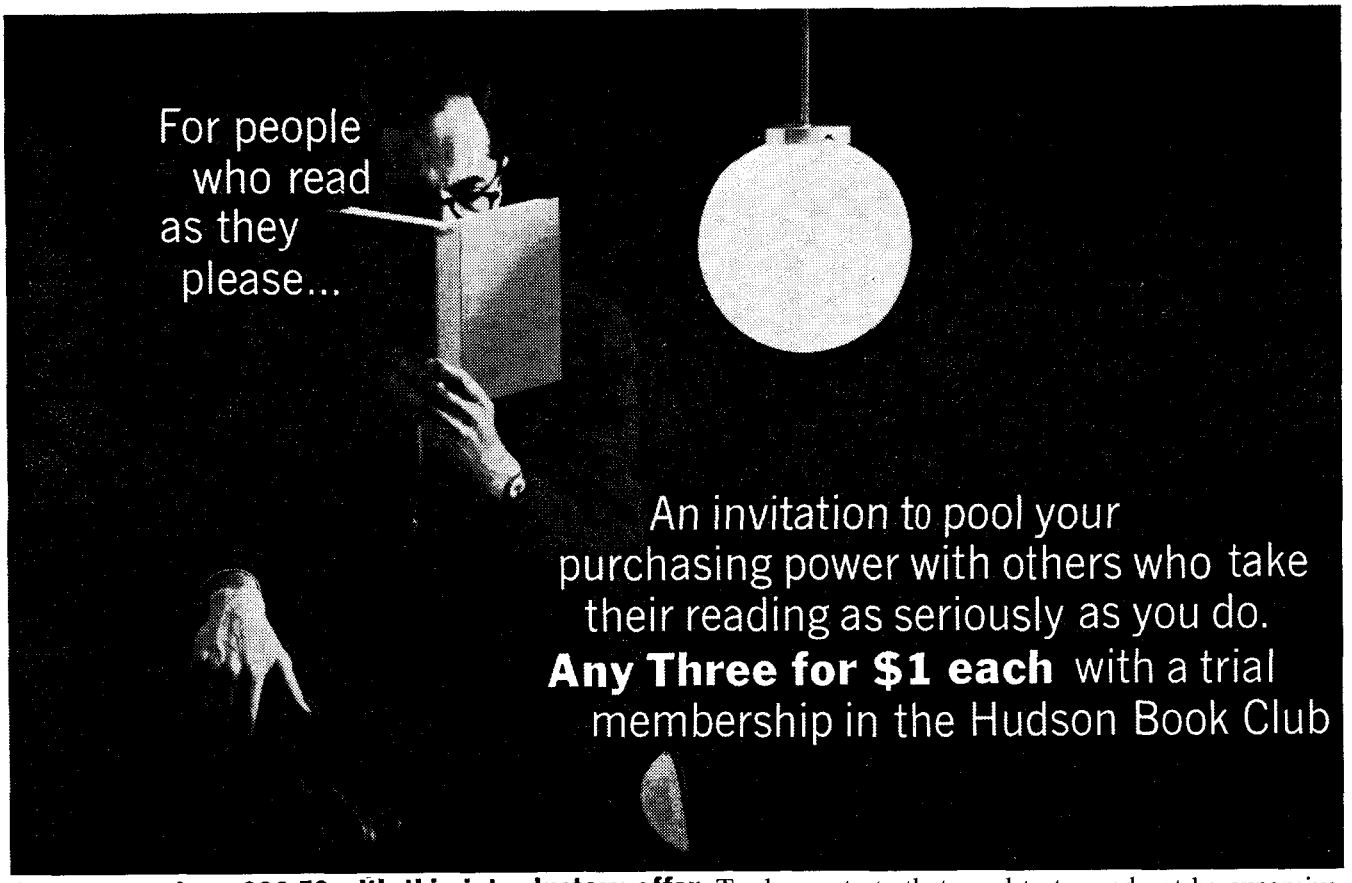
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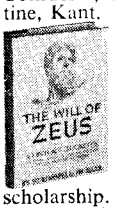

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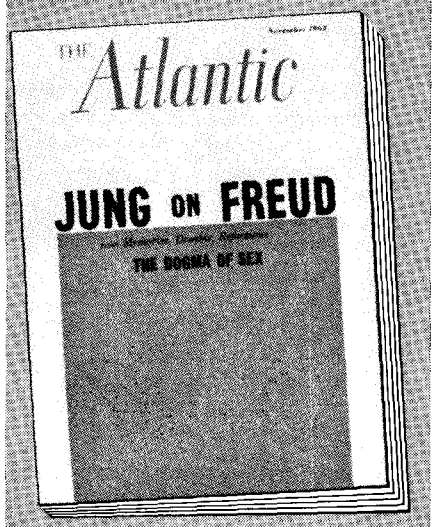

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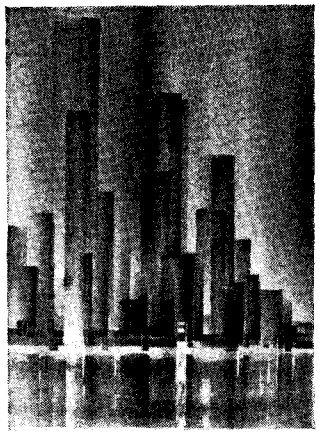
but to let it assume rule without resistance is to enshrine ignorance as the chosen force of language. Can the School System, for example, permit the blurring together of "imply" and "infer" without destroying a resource of the language? "Infer" does seem to be taking over for both words these days. That is usage. But whose usage? How could such a usage come about except through ignorance, which is to say, through the failure of the School System to teach the firmnessess of the language at those points at which the language is discerningly firm, as it is in the difference between "imply" (to fold into) and "infer" (to carry into).

The case is not easily put. I once had a brilliant student who wrote a piece about his experiences in the Navy. In it he wrote, "We arrived at our mid-ocean rendezvous point." Because he was a good student I raised a finicky point. English "arrive," I suggested, is simply a slightly changed way of spelling and pronouncing Latin "*ad ripa*," meaning "to the bank." Could one "*ad-ripa*" at mid-ocean? He chose to brush the point aside. So be it.

But can one fail to hope that a few students will yet be left to remember that words come to us with richly usable histories attached? Among the diehards, I am forced to believe that our School System is in fact turning out some sort of intellectual rabble in the name of democratic education. There was a time when an ignorant man at least knew that he was ignorant. Today we run our ignorant through the entire School System, and through college to boot, and certify their illiteracy with a diploma and a degree. There stands the young graduate, incapable of his own language in any informed sense, but shining nonetheless in the cap and gown bestowed upon him by Universal Illiteracy and Humane Enlightenment (Division of the Low Pass). He is not only ignorant, but he has been told he is educated. Where can he hope to acquire the humility to acknowledge the usages of his intellectual betters?

I have no answer. Only this suggestion. Our English Classes seem enthusiastically dedicated to an exercise called "vocabulary building." Fine. Build high. But, teacher, when you send the kids to the dictionary, take a look for yourself at those parentheses between the word and its definition. There, tightly condensed, is each word's history, its roots. Teach them "usage" if you must, but teach them history, too. If you can teach both forces of the word, and teach them as great and equal forces in the making of language, the chances are you will have justified whatever custodianship you had in mind when you walked into that classroom.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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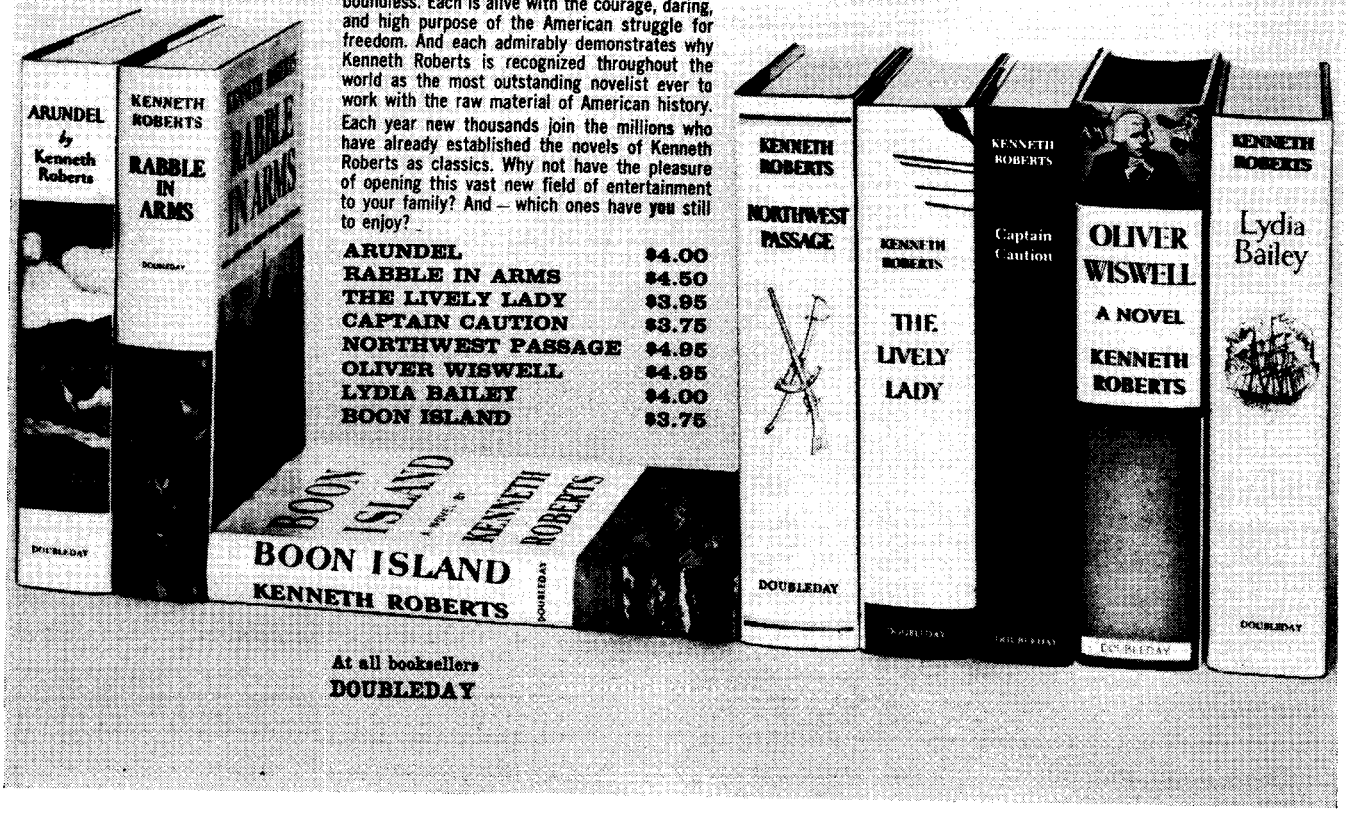

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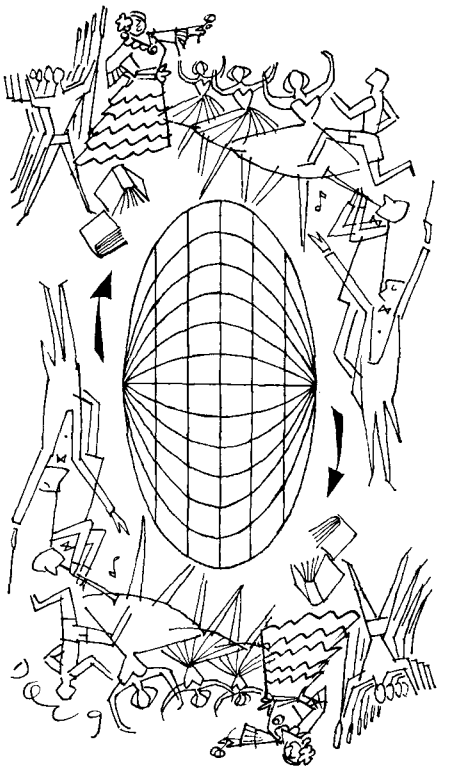
Saturday Review
OCTOBER 27, 1962



SHOULD WE CONTINUE THE CULTURAL EXCHANGES WITH THE USSR?

By WILLIAM BENTON, *former Assistant Secretary of State, former U.S. Senator, and publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

LAST JUNE and July, I visited Moscow as the first official guest of the newly Russian-created "Institute of Soviet-American Relations." Since I was, in effect, an official "cultural exchange," one of my self-imposed missions during the visit was an attempt to appraise the gap in understanding between our two peoples, and to estimate the effect, if any, of the various exchange programs between ourselves and the Soviets. Can cultural exchanges help close the gap? Which country is gaining the most from these exchanges? Have they become a major front of the cold war? Who is winning on this particular front?

As I sought answers to these questions, I made it a point to talk with Soviet officials, educators, scientists, and publicists who had first-hand knowledge of exchange programs. I was especially impressed by Sergei Romanovsky, the handsome, big-shouldered official who negotiated with Ambassador Charles Bohlen the current U.S.-USSR cultural agreement. Mr. Romanovsky, who is chairman of the Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, gave me the impression that he genuinely wants an expansion in the program. He said that "in general" the program is working satisfactorily. But he maintained that this "doesn't mean the limit of the possible or the desirable" has been attained: "Many fields have not been explored; many await developments; still, the progress is satisfactory."

Mr. Romanovsky is only forty-two; his career is an example of the way young men are coming into power in the Soviet Union, just as they are in Washington. He believes strongly that "not everything today indicates what can be done tomorrow." For example, after carefully checking into past Soviet-American cultural relations he had found, he said, that before World War II, only one Soviet actor had visited the United States. He had not explored the period before diplomatic relations were resumed in 1933, but he assumed that one actor was the total of cultural exports from the USSR to the U.S. between World War I and World War II.

"This means," Mr. Romanovsky said, "there was an absolute absence of cultural relations." (I've since learned that the Moscow Art Theatre visited the U.S. in 1923.)

"We have now had five years of experience," he went on. "We have learned that both sides get advantages. We've learned that through these cultural exchanges our people get to know each other better. These are not mere words—they are facts. It is impossible for our Soviet groups to visit the United States and to leave no trace of impact on your people. It is equally impossible for your exhibits to come here and leave no impact on our people. We cannot exchange professors and experts without creating some influence upon our respective peoples."

The current exchange agreement, signed March 8, 1962, and covering 1962-3, is the third in a series that began in 1958. The scope of the agreements has been slowly expanding. The present text runs to eighteen pages, and deals with scientific and technological visits, and sports and musical exchanges. But it calls for the exchange of only fifty students from each side. The treaty provides also that "both partners agree to encourage the exchange of books, magazines, newspapers and other publications devoted to scientific, technical, cultural and general educational subjects both through *commercial channels* and between the libraries, universities and other organizations of each country." (I hope Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, the Soviet's expert on international trade, recognizes the significance of that phrase "commercial channels," even though little commercial progress has been achieved.)

When the Bolshoi Ballet and Moiseyev Dance Group come to the U.S. while Benny Goodman and the Philadelphia Orchestra are visiting Russia, or when track teams, eight-oared crews and technical personnel exchange visits, I believe both the Soviets and ourselves benefit greatly. But I am even more interested in exchanges of information that can lead to greater political understanding—including understanding of differences and conflicts. Indeed, the

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exchange of performers or sportsmen may convey the impression that the Iron Curtain has been lifted. In spite of the few chinks, the truth is that the Soviet man-in-the-street is almost as insulated from the West as he was in Stalin's dour heyday. I agree that any exchange of artists and performers is good in itself. But it is a delusion to think such exchanges can play any significant role in bridging the deep differences between the two countries. Howard Hanson, the eminent American musician, with whom I worked on UNESCO affairs, once commented that for decades Americans revered the great German composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—yet this had no relevance to the two wars with Germany in this century.

OTHER types of exchange—and I emphasize the free movement of journalists and their copy; the exchange of broadcasts and informative motion pictures, of books and periodicals and newspapers, and the exchange of students and scholars—seem to me to offer the greatest promise of creating a climate that improves the chance of peace. Such exchanges can reduce that part of the danger which rests on mutual ignorance. They can, for example, help dispel the legend held by some in each country that the other will take almost any risk to seize dominion over the world. They can dispel the myth widely held in Russia that Wall Street and the Pentagon control America, and the American myth that Russia is such a monolith that public attitudes count for nothing whatsoever. If there were anything to this myth, why would the Kremlin spend so much effort and money jamming our broadcasts?

I don't know whether Mr. Romanovsky would agree with me on the ineffectiveness of exchanging artists only, but in our talk he said, "The present agreement is the logical development of the past plans. But the present plan is broader. It has many elements previously lacking. One new step is the exchange of officials at the top government level. Another step is the exchange of officials of the Soviet Republics with comparable officials of the U.S.A. Then there is the exchange of 'municipal organs of power.'

"We rejoice at this progress; it shows increasing diversifications; these increased exchanges expose more and more people. In 1961 the mutual exchange was 131 groups on each side . . . far beyond the 1950's."

Thus there has been constant growth —and this ever-changing pattern is accepted by the Soviet Union as a "very satisfactory phenomenon." Mr. Romanovsky then began to qualify his statements. "We aren't completely satisfied . . . we disapprove of some things."

Distribution of motion pictures is one area of sharp disagreement. I had discussed this question previously with Michael Khalarmov, the dynamic—if somewhat belligerent—Chairman of the State Committee of Radio and Television of the Council of Ministers, which makes him the responsible executive for Soviet broadcasting. The importance the Soviets attach to this job, his deputy told me, is evidenced by the fact that he outranks Mr. Gromyko, the Foreign Minister.

Mr. Khalarmov, also in his early forties, is a former chief press officer of the Soviet Foreign Office and as such had the opportunity of working closely with Chairman Khrushchev. He claimed to me that when an American motion picture is shown in the Soviet Union more people see it than have ever seen any Soviet film in the United States. He then said that this was unfair because under the cultural exchange agreement both sides are supposed to cooperate on the exchange of films and broadcasts.

Mr. Romanovsky is even more emphatic than Mr. Khalarmov. He mentioned Soviet films which have had virtually no distribution in the United States. I pointed out that many Americans waited in line on the street for a chance to see the Soviet film, "Ballad of a Soldier," that my wife told me she had cried at it, and that more than one hundred U.S. prints had been made of this motion picture. Other Soviet films mentioned were "The Cranes Are Flying" and "A Summer to Remember." Both have been critical successes in America, I'm told, being shown principally in the numerous and growing "art houses," as are most foreign films; but neither these nor any other USSR films have, I understood, been significant box office successes.

I said that the box office success of "Ballad of a Soldier" would seem to demonstrate that Soviet films which Americans wanted to see could get distribution. When I told Mr. Romanovsky that American theatres would never show Soviet films widely until the films could induce or seduce the American people in to see them, his assistant chimed in to say that many American theatre owners were afraid to show Communist films. I said this perhaps was true of some but that this fear could be overcome by films that would really "pull in the customers."

Mr. Khalarmov insisted, "Your commercial motion picture companies, if they did buy our films, wouldn't show them to as many people as we show theirs. When we buy your films we produce 800 prints and show them in our biggest theatres throughout the country. When you buy ours, only three to eighteen prints are made."

I reported to Mr. Romanovsky that I could not get Britannica educational films into American theatres or on American television although they were widely used on Canadian television. I asked him why he should expect to get a better break in the United States for his Soviet films than I could get for mine. This seemed to puzzle him. I do not believe that he has had a question quite like this before. I told him that he knew perfectly well that our government could not order American motion picture distributors or networks to show Soviet films. When he again protested that he gave major distribution to American films, I retorted, "This must be because the Russian people want to see U.S. films—or perhaps because you like to distribute U.S. films that emphasize the less admirable aspects of American life." The Soviet government, probably on this latter theory, is now eager to get "West Side Story"—and doubtless hopes to get it within its maximum price range of $66,000. Under the exchange arrangement, the U.S. pays more for Soviet films than these films command on the world market and the USSR pays less than world prices for American films.

ONE of the most vital figures I talked with was Nikolai Fiodorovich Pogodin, the Soviet Union's most esteemed playwright, who died in Moscow September 19, less than three months after our visits. Mr. Pogodin was sensitive about the distortions of America to which he had been exposed. He told me that on a recent and first visit to the United States he had discovered that American writers do not give a fair picture of the United States—that they "distorted" it. "So, too," said I, "do many Hollywood films distort the image of the United States and some American films are chosen particularly by the Soviet government to foster the distortion."

(Incidentally, if the State Department finally decides to let the Russians have "West Side Story," why could not an agreement be sought by which a foreword could state that this story of rival gangs in New York is not typical of life in New York City? Such a foreword could state that American playwrights can write about anything they want to, that our producers have the right to produce and present anything they wish to produce and present. "West Side Story," the modern Romeo and Juliet, illustrates the freedom our writers and producers enjoy.

(The question is whether the Soviet Union would accept this motion picture with such a foreword. Eric Johnston

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wants to sell USSR the film; can he sell the idea of the foreword to the USSR—and then secure the agreement of the State Department?)

"The arts exchanges are better, but there are some drawbacks," Mr. Romanovsky said. He explained at some length the drawn-out negotiations in Washington. One Russian proposal was that six "teams"—in distinction from individual performers such as a pianist or a violinist—from each country be exchanged over a two-year period. The United States stood firm for only four such exchanges. There was a long deadlock; ultimately, there was compromise. There would be "at least two a year," with three named the first year.

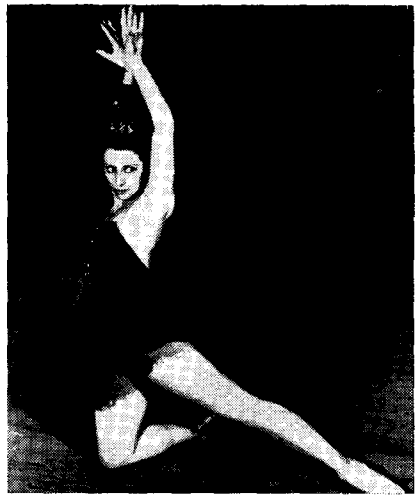
Our U.S. officials protest when the Soviet Ministry of Culture claims it can book the New York City Ballet (an art exchange and a "team") into only five Soviet cities for eight weeks this fall; meanwhile Mr. Hurok is booking the Bolshoi Ballet into nine American cities for thirteen weeks. This is not merely the reverse side of the motion picture coin—that American audiences may be more anxious to see the Bolshoi than Russians are to see the New York company.

Mr. Khalarmov also complained that Russian films fail to "get a break" in the United States in terms of television showings. He contended that Soviet radio and television had given the Kennedy campaign good coverage—and had also covered President Kennedy's first press conference—but that the Soviet Union had been given no comparable coverage in the United States. This was to me a surprising statement. It ignored the extensive coverage given to both Chairman Khrushchev and Deputy Premier Mikoyan during their visits to the United States, and the coverage U.S. TV networks regularly give to Soviet news when they can get the footage. Members of the Soviet Embassy in Washington have appeared repeatedly on our U.S. TV programs; and Ambassador Dobrynin is said to be considering invitations from "Open End" and "Meet The Press." Mr. Khalarmov, like Mr. Mikoyan, spoke as a Soviet dialectician; he was demanding "equal time." His statement is significant in that it shows the problem faced by the U.S. even in dealing with the most literate and informed Soviet officials.

"You want the Soviet people to know the U.S. better but we, on our part, want Americans to know us better," Mr. Khalarmov went on, "We have lots to exchange in many fields. But even when we make agreements you often don't follow through with the exchanges. Of course any state agreement is bureaucratic. It's unfortunate that we cannot deal directly with the American broad-

—*Sovfoto.*

Benny Goodman in Red Square.



—*Ida Kar.*

Maya Plesetskaya in "Swan Lake."

"The Cranes Are Flying"—"significant box office success."

"West Side Story"—eagerly sought by Soviet government.

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casting companies. We have had some dealings with NBC and CBS. Whenever we have direct contact with such companies, the results are much better. In the Soviet Union, once an agreement is signed, the key committee has full authority for the follow-through. But in the United States, bureaucratic control greatly complicates exchanges."

Now of course in this statement is a standard Soviet tactic. The Soviet officials find our informed government officials tough sledding; they would rather deal with General Motors or General Electric or CBS or NBC or the AP. The range of vision of our commercial companies is narrower, simpler, more sympatico. It doesn't encompass the totality of the problem.

Our experienced U.S. government officials see clearly that the Soviets know exactly what they want out of exchanges: the latest scientific and technical information, and the chance to send scientists, technicians and graduate students to the U.S. to get it; and the opportunity to make a favorable impression on the American people. These two initiatives are what Professor Frederick Barghoorn of Yale calls "the Soviet cultural offensive."

Finally, the exchanges offer another advantage: the opportunity to earn money! For example, our U.S. officials estimate the Soviet government grossed the ruble equivalent of $500,000 out of the Benny Goodman tour of the USSR. All U.S. performing groups in the USSR, including Benny Goodman, must be subsidized by our taxpayers.

Naturally, our officials say, the Soviets like to build up their profit potential by dealing privately with impresarios such as Mr. Sol Hurok, who manages the Soviet stars and troupes in the U.S. From our standpoint, when we deal with the USSR there is no possibility of achieving free and easy private cultural exchanges (or profitable exchanges) such as we have with Western Europe or Latin America. The only way the United States can achieve anything resembling comparable cultural exchanges with the USSR is through determined negotiation, and insistence on reciprocity. And the Russians are very tough negotiators. They use the reciprocity principle when it is to their advantage, or the most-favored-nation principle, or the plea for private "nongovernmental" exchanges—whichever argument serves them best. Indeed, most Westerners in Moscow say the Soviet Ministry of Cultural Relations is the most slippery and unreliable of all the Soviet ministries with which to deal. We must also be tough, all observers agree, or we shall be steam-rollered. This is a most unhappy present facet of the cultural exchanges, one I regret but recognize.

Mme. Yekaterina Furtseva, Cultural Minister of the USSR, is "in general" satisfied with recent developments of cultural ties between the U.S. and the USSR. But she says she suspects that our State Department is trying to sabotage the program by its insistence on "exact reciprocity." If one does not seek the rebuttal from the State Department, she does indeed seem to make out a most plausible case on many points of controversy.

At this moment there appear to be a number of points on exchanges on which the USSR does not seem prepared to yield. There is, for example, the matter of permitting American students access to Soviet laboratories and research centers of learning and of permitting them to travel in the Soviet Union and to gain access to archives. Fundamentally, it's hard to understand why such an issue looms so large. Yet in these tense and strained negotiations, every issue is a big one.

In situations of this kind, men can get tired of talking to each other. Their nerves get frayed. They can become arbitrary. Perhaps one reason there has been a degree of progress is that the top negotiators have been changed every two years, with Ambassador Lacy

(*Continued on page 39*)

Mikoyan versus the Britannica

Anastas Mikoyan

MY HOST IN MOSCOW was Anastas Mikoyan, Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union. During our two-hour interview last July in his huge paneled office in the Kremlin, we ranged over various aspects of Soviet-American trade relations. Lenin's massive photograph scowled down from the wall behind the Deputy Premier, and Marx kept a watchful eye on us from the wall at the right. I asked Mr. Mikoyan—half in jest—whether "Encyclopaedia Britannica" could open a book store in Moscow. I reminded him that Soviet books are sold freely in Washington. I told him that if he ever decides that he will permit me to open a book store in Moscow, and sends me a cable, I shall be in Moscow the next morning.

The Minister half-smilingly replied that I knew perfectly well that there is no private ownership in Moscow and that there could be no privately owned book store. When I told him that Britannica is the world's largest publisher of books except for the USSR or other governments, he raised his eyebrows in seeming surprise.

Mr. Mikoyan, ever the dialectician, then went on the attack: ". . . Your encyclopedia articles distort the picture of the Soviet Union. Why don't you correct the untruths? Your encyclopedia concentrates on downright slander. Why don't you fix this?"

I told the Minister that he was misinformed—and that his challenge was not to the Britannica but to world scholarship. I said that the Britannica's editors would be glad to examine any charges that the editors of the Soviet Encyclopaedia wanted to bring up—but that the Soviet editors knew full well that Britannica has reflected the best in world scholarship for almost 200 years.

(Incidentally, it is worth noting here that, volume 39 of the 1956—the latest—edition of the official Soviet Encyclopaedia contains a ninety-seven page, 85,000-word portrait of the United States prepared by thirty Soviet theoreticians. This narrative, clad in grim ideological trappings, would surely astonish American readers. It is a fantastic combination of sound information, ignorance, and deliberate distortion. It illustrates how Soviet academicians—often perhaps unconsciously and out of long conditioning—devote themselves to propagating the Marxist-Leninist dialectic. They often render an accounting that has little if any resemblance to the subject. They compound dogmatic errors. For example, this article describes the adoption of our United States constitution in 1789 as "the legalization of the bourgeois dictatorship over the popular masses." The North won our Civil War, says the article, because "large masses of workers and farmers" declared themselves for democracy and because Russia sided with Lincoln while England and France helped the South.)

Mr. Mikoyan's attack on the "Britannica" tells something of the nature of the problem. The Minister is a sophisticated "Soviet man" of extraordinary survival capacity. His ignorance of the "Britannica" shows the depth of his misunderstanding of American institutions. I deem it likely that he did not try to understand my point when I told him that a reciprocal inspection of our respective encyclopedias, and an exchange of criticism, might work to the benefit of both—but that such an interchange is only possible when his editors are permitted to seek objectivity instead of propaganda.

—William Benton.

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The Evolution of a Soviet Playwright

Nicolai Pogodin

WHEN Nicolai Pogodin died last month at the age of sixty-one, he had for several decades been recognized as the Soviet Union's leading playwright. His death was especially saddening to me and my husband, for beyond our personal regard for Mr. Pogodin, we felt that the United States had lost a newly found friend.

To me Mr. Pogodin was an example of the importance of cultural exchanges. When we visited him at his dacha outside Moscow he spoke quite frankly of his formerly anti-American outlook, and the changes in it brought about by his first visit to the U.S., only a few months before our talk.

At the time of this visit he was writing a play about Einstein, whom he revered, and he conceded the first draft was quite unfriendly to the United States. He said he had received a most distorted picture of the United States from the writings of Americans that he had read in Russia. When he returned to the USSR, he literally tore up his manuscript and rewrote it.

He stayed at the Carlyle Hotel, where the President stays when he is in New York. One of his anecdotes revolved around a plain Russian woman who stood in the lobby behind a tall man. A New York policeman took her by the arm and said, "You'll have a better view of President Kennedy if you stand here."

Another was about seeing a midtown Manhattan skyscraper after midnight: it was probably the Seagram Building. One of his party spoke to the porter, who obligingly lighted up the whole building.

And a third story was about a drunk who crossed the street on a red light in San Francisco. Five times the officer walked him back and forth across the street to "teach" him, and then gave him a summons. Obviously the policemen weren't Cossacks—and the porter wasn't exactly a wage-slave.

To understand Pogodin's reputation in the Soviet Union requires an effort to understand the time and the "rules of the day." In the Twenties Nicolai Pogodin came to the theatre from journalism. The Twenties also saw the beginning of strict rules in the arts.

All forms of art—sculpture, painting, writing—began to be frozen into the forms of "Socialist Realism." Sculpture consisted mostly of gigantic Soviet specimens of girl and boy workers on farms or in factories or of soldiers with fixed bayonets rushing forward to lead new crusades. All paintings resembled posters—very exact and limited in subject matter, clothed in high Soviet principles and strict morality. Books, plays and poems praised the effort of Soviet society to create the "new man."

For example, Pogodin's play "Tempo" (1929) depicted the building of the Stalingrad tractor plant even before the construction was finished. His play "Poem of the Ax" (1930) concerned the fabrication of stainless steel.

Pogodin's most popular play, stemming from this early period, is "The Aristocrats" (1934). The "aristocrats" of the play are aristocrats of crime: thieves, bandits and other felons, building, at forced draft, a canal between the White and Baltic Seas. At first they do not want to work. Gradually they become involved in their collective enterprise and, in good Soviet fashion, achieve moral regeneration through toil. Marc Slonim says of this play: "What redeemed Pogodin's play from becoming an illustration of a thesis were his humor and technique."

The Soviet government conferred high honors on Pogodin for his Lenin trilogy. The first of these, "The Man with the Gun" (1937), deals with a peasant soldier who becomes involved in the Revolution. The second, "Kremlin Chimes" (1941), won the Stalin Prize. Nikolai Gorchakov comments: "The actor who played Lenin in Pogodin's 'Kremlin Chimes' was nervous enough, but the actor who played Stalin with the real life Stalin sitting in the audience was nervous almost to the point of speechlessness." That one can well believe! According to one of the critics, the play has humor, despite the heavy subject—it emphasizes the importance of electricity!—and throws into strongest relief Stalin's role in the early Soviet period.

In the postwar period the Party puritans left little scope for humor. Marc Slonim reports a joke current in Moscow during 1952: "You will find good Soviet theater at the cemetery, and the cemetery at the Soviet theater."

Nikolai Gorchakov tells of the criticism levelled at Pogodin for his play "The Boatwoman" (1947). Pogodin and the theatre which staged his play "were accused of having introduced a ridiculous aquatic pantomime into the hallowed theme of defending Stalingrad."

Exceedingly prolific, Pogodin also wrote more "acceptable" plays during this period, such as "Missouri Waltz" (1950), which ridiculed President Truman along official anti-American lines.

My own guess is that Pogodin's instinct for farce often had to be suppressed because it was in conflict with the official dictum that plays must convey information and propaganda.

Pogodin himself once conceded that he had concluded one of his plays with a scene where a committee meets for a "distribution of rewards and punishments," because he feared that without this scene the play would not pass. In 1956, in "Petrarch's Sonnet," Pogodin shifts the issues from social to personal. One critic says: "There can be no question after seeing the play that nowadays the Russians have a good measure of freedom of speech and the right to criticize the Communist Party."

Perhaps this statement is evoked from a few lines in the last scene where a man and a young girl are in the countryside.

She: Do you like to dance?

He: A strange question to ask a Party worker.

She: I see no Party in your eyes.

We were fascinated by Pogodin as a person. He told us when we first met him that he was no diplomat, that he said what he thought, that he liked to joke. I sensed a tragic-comic quality in him. His laughter had tears. His sadness was nearly gay. His very poor eyesight added to this quality, but his thick head of hair and his vivacity gave to him an impression of physical strength and vitality which perhaps he actually lacked.

It would seem that his whole career had involved him in solving the dilemma of how to be a writer of farce, a teller of jokes, and at the same time a propagandist.

—Helen Hemingway Benton.

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The Quiet Desperation

By GRANVILLE HICKS

HORTENSE CALISHER's first collection of short stories, "In the Absence of Angels," appeared in 1951, and now we have her second, **"Tale for the Mirror"** (Little, Brown, $5.50). Meanwhile she has published a novel, "False Entry" (*SR*, Oct. 28, 1961), and a remarkable book it is in many ways, but perhaps not so remarkable as the best of her shorter fiction. The new book strengthens my impression that she is preeminently a writer of short stories.

The emotion one most often feels in the stories is pathos. Literary critics are sometimes condescending about pathos, and yet it is true that the pathetic is more common than the tragic, makes up more of life. To render the pathos of the human situation justly and without sentimentality is no small achievement.

Miss Calisher is particularly sensitive to the pathos that is involved in the process of growing older. One of the best of the stories is "The Scream on Fifty-seventh Street," the story of a woman who is living alone in a city apartment after losing her husband and selling their place in the suburbs. The effect on Mrs. Hazlitt of the scream, her dismay at the absence of any response, her futile efforts to solve the mystery—all these are rendered with great precision. But the point of the story is not the impersonality and indifference of the city but the aloneness of Mrs. Hazlitt.

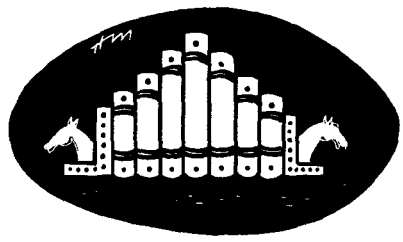
In "So Many Rings to the Show" a man who has just been married for the second time and suddenly realizes that he has failed to keep a promise to his son by his first wife perceives that life has become too complicated for him, and he is overwhelmed by a sense of his inadequacy. In "The Seacoast of Bohemia" a man who loves New York and his success in the city is dropped into despair by the realization that he will never have children. Looking out at the city at night, he reflects, "It was a vertical place for people like them, in which the only way out was up. He watched the two of them, a couple named Sam and Bee, climbing from tower to tower, in a gilt-edged monkeydom of closeness, to the spheric music of the brandy glasses that would get thinner along the climb."

Miss Calisher sometimes joins humor to pathos. There is a funny story, "The Rehabilitation of Ginevra Leake," about an uncommonly unattractive girl from a good Southern family. Astonishingly, Ginny finds fulfillment in the Communist Party. ("She lived for her friends, who happened to be carrying cards instead of leaving them.") This is material for farce, and Miss Calisher does not neglect her opportunities, but we are not allowed to forget how sad Ginny's situation is.

Even so light-hearted a story as "Mrs. Fay Dines on Zebra" has an edge of sadness, a touch of nostalgia, and nostalgia is frequent in other stories. In "The Night Club in the Woods" the narrator and her husband, just married and on their honeymoon in Bermuda, meet Mrs. Hawthorn, a flamboyant, rich, middle-aged woman, who refers vaguely to her husband, Harry, the Senator. Later, visiting her home in Connecticut, they realize that she is still living in her days of youthful glamour. ("We had some helluva parties here . . . It was lovely. That first year.") At the end the narrator says that she has told the story of the visit to Hawthornton many times but now she knows how it should be told, for "it is no longer Mrs. Hawthorn's story. It is ours."

> It is almost eighteen years since we were at Mrs. Hawthorn's [she sums up], just as it was then almost eighteen years since Harry had come back from France. I was never to meet anyone who knew them, nor was I ever to see her again. But I know now that there was never any special mystery about her and Harry. Only the ordinary mystery of the distance that seeps between people, even when they live and lie together as close as knives.

When her characters long for either the glory and glamour or the simplicity and calm of the past, Miss Calisher understands that they are really longing for their lost youth. Yet she herself is not immune to nostalgia, as such stories as "Time, Gentlemen!" and "May-ry" show. The narrator speaks, affectionately and humorously, of her father as a survivor from the Victorian era, as a man who refuses to be tyrannized over by time, as someone she wishes she could emulate.



Part of the pathos of life, Miss Calisher sees, grows out of its complexity. In the title story John Garner, a mediocre lawyer in his thirties, lives with his wife and four children in an old house up the Hudson and commutes to the office in the city where he is employed. Into his rundown but sedate neighborhood moves Dr. Bhatta, "with his entourage of two faded Western lady secretaries, a number of indeterminately transient guests, and a faintly rotten, saffron breeze of curry." John finds Bhatta a puzzling man, a combination of charlatan and sage, of philanthropist and racketeer. But, as Bhatta points out, all men are mysteries: "Every man has to tell himself some little tale in the dark, har? So as not to really see himself in the mirror the next morning." After further bewildering contacts with Bhatta, John is so disturbed that he cannot sleep, and he tells himself his tale for the mirror—the tale of the simple life he might have led.

In "False Entry" Miss Calisher's style often seemed mannered, though in a distinctive and impressive way. Here there are fewer mannerisms, and there is just as much that is impressive. Her figures of speech are ingenious and apt. "It was no trouble to place people if you had long since been placed yourself, and Mr. Dee was like a clean old piece of litmus paper preserved from that simple experimental era when answers were either pink or blue." "It was that over-alert, hypertensive hour of the night when the tireless free-associational sheep ran on and on, one idea carrying another's tail in its mouth, and still another part of the mind hallooed behind, watching, concluding with a fake brilliance from which nothing could ever be salvaged the next day."

Miss Calisher's is not a great talent, but it is a fine one. She has her own feeling about life and her own admirable ways of expressing it. As I began by saying, there is more pathos in life than tragedy, and if Miss Calisher's tales are mostly rather subdued, they are free from melodramatic falsification. Within her range she is beautifully precise, and her way with language is exciting. I have read stories that moved me more deeply than Miss Calisher's, but I have seldom read any that gave me more satisfaction.

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Economy at Arms

"The Warfare State," by Fred J. Cook *(Macmillan. 356 pp. $4.95), contends that the U.S. has succumbed to the control of military and war-industry interests. Charles O. Porter is a former member of Congress for Oregon.*

By CHARLES O. PORTER

THIS is a radical book. It is full of heresies, all timely and fully documented. It indicts a number of our leading citizens, principally military and industrial leaders, on charges of selfishly and recklessly changing our nation from a peace-loving democracy into a state bent on a holy war to extend the capitalist system.

The author, Fred J. Cook, who was a respected reporter on the staff of the *New York World-Telegram* for fifteen years, offers evidence which is, as Bertrand Russell writes in the Foreword, "massive and unanswerable except by plain abuse."

Cook's heresies, let me hasten to explain, relate to the philosophy of what he has called the Warfare State, not to the traditional credo of our nation as a peace-loving democracy where the civilians in government tell the military and the big business moguls what to do.

The Warfare State is "a way of life that is new to American democracy," Cook writes, "a way of life that has developed virtually unperceived and unrecognized, its justification an ever-ready menace; its appeal, patriotism and survival; its reward, such incalculable billions that the entire economy and self-interest of the nation have been chained to the chariots of war."

Mr. Cook does not claim to have been the first to sound the alarm. He borrows freely from many sources where the fearful transformation has previously been discussed and decried, including books by Bruce Catton, and by a reserve air force colonel, William H. Neblett.

Perhaps you remember how President Eisenhower in his last public speech as our chief executive surprised many people, including no doubt some of his closest friends, when he solemnly warned against "the acquisition of unwarranted influence" by "the military-industrial complex." Two Washington correspondents recently published a novel about how the military, some years hence, almost succeed in taking over control of the nation. According to Cook, the deed is done, and not against the will of the American people but with their bemused acquiescence.

The Welfare State is the opposite of the Warfare State, according to Cook. Billions for arms, says the Warfare Statesman, but not one penny for socialistic nonsense such as medical care for the aged, public works or education, or any other social or economic measure for the common good.

Stability is not a strong point of the Warfare State, which is, at best, a desperate gamble "that we can keep the Cold War race going, in the name of our own economic status quo and economic prosperity, without destroying ourselves and the world."

The Warfare State is immoral. It welcomes as friends any government, however oppressive, whose leaders profess anti-Communism. This policy has brought us into close association with Batista and Trujillo, to name two who are no longer in power, and holds us in solidarity with such "free-world leaders" as Chiang Kai-shek and Franco. If you believe, as many of our leaders do, that the nature of the cold war crisis is military and immediate, then it follows that we need all the allies we can get, regardless of their criminal records.

Our "free enterprise" is no longer free, says Cook, but is a captive of the Warfare State. In including decadent dynasties and ruthless dictators in our "free world," Cook concludes that "we have abandoned all revolution and change in the world to Russia."

Should we also abandon hope of overthrowing this Warfare State with its hold on public opinion through its permeating propaganda? No, says Cook; we do have reason for optimism. The shelter program fiasco showed that the American people are not entirely a nation of sheep as yet. The Alliance for Progress insists on social change as a price for American assistance. A real peace movement seems to be developing in the United States. Americans, in spite of their popular President's position, are divided fifty-fifty on nuclear test resumption. And books such as this one are not suppressed.

People are beginning to question the omniscience of the Military and Big Business, Cook believes. Perhaps a few more people every day are realizing that the threat to us today is more a matter of beliefs than weapons in an era when war means mutual annihilation.

"What's this I hear about their putting on a bar car?"

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Saturday Review

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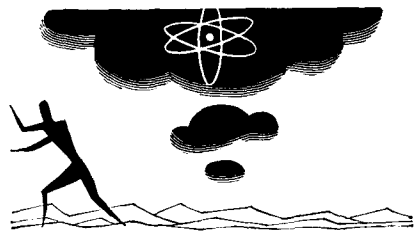
The Age of Desensitization

THE GREATEST threat to the splendid variety of humans on earth is not represented by the pulverizing power of the bomb. An even greater threat is the numbness caused by the bomb. Our original sense of disbelieving horror has not been sustained; perhaps it could not be sustained. For we live in an age remarkable less for its destructiveness than for its desensitization. People have learned how to make their accommodations with the irrational. The missiles and the megatons have been metabolized inside the consciousness.

Adjustment is not an infallible value in the human catalogue. Adjustment can be anesthesia. It can be disaster. The beginning of the end is adjustment to the idea of the end. The end of man begins not with the existence of potential planetary devastation but with the absence of vital indignation.

It was only five years ago that the moral intelligence was able to ask pertinent questions. What were the implications, not alone of radioactive warfare, but of preparation for radioactive warfare? The experiments with the new explosives had the result of littering the sky with radioactive garbage, the seepage from which infected the earth and found its way into human tissue. How was it that the nations setting off these explosives did not make a distinction between those measures that were essential to their own defense and those measures that inflicted widespread injury on other peoples with whom they had no quarrel? By what right or reasoning did nations arrogate to themselves the right to shoot up the natural environment which was the common property of all the planetary inhabitants?

The initial sense of horror over such outrages brought about their cessation. For more than three years there was forbearance. Then the Soviet Union let fly with new multi-megaton explosives, the infecting power of which was far beyond anything that had been tried previously. And once again the poisonous garbage pumped into the sky dropped down invisibly and indiscriminately on the society of humans, piercing their chain of life. There were protests, to be sure, but they were without volume or fury. And when the United States followed with its own test explosions, there was only a modest outcry. Each side could find its unholy justifications in the actions of the other. The Soviet Union self-righteously claimed that it knew the United States was going to test anyway. The United States said it had no choice but to resume because the Soviets had resumed. In any case, what was resumed was the race toward the finish-line of civilization. The objective was security but the security decreased even as the speed of the runners increased.



Meanwhile, every malevolent idea about crippling man or producing mass suffering is given sanction the moment the word security is affixed to it. Thus, it is considered proper and essential to mass-produce odorless and invisible gases that can inflict heart attacks, or bombs that can disseminate germs to spread the very diseases that mankind over countless generations has been trying to eliminate. But nothing is more insidious in this apocalyptic inventory than the determination of each side to convince the other that it would not have the slightest hesitation to turn it all loose if it felt warranted in doing so.

If we could still think as humans we might be able to find a way out of the sickness, and in fact find a genuine basis for our safety and for the preservation of the freedom that is the highest prize life has to offer. But it is precisely because we have ceased to think and respond as humans, reacting on the level of tribal warriors, ignoring our membership in an obligation to the society of humans as a whole—it is precisely because of this that we have separated ourselves from the vision of what is required to achieve genuine security and fulfill the promise of a better world.

AN age which is desensitized to evils and horrors is also desensitized to its glories and its opportunities. The essential task, then, is to regenerate the vital responses, to reopen access to the clarifying functions of conscience, to restore the capacity to dream about a better life. Despite all the billowing evidence to the contrary, man is still capable of good purposes and decent works. He can still recapture command of his existence and the forces that are shaping it. And this regeneration requires only an experience in self-recognition to become real. That is, when enough people can comprehend the reality of a human family, the beginnings of a genuine safety will emerge.

For the United States to discover its greatest power, it has only to regard itself as an instrument through which the ennoblement of man may be served. We can declare we will not fire into the body of mankind in the pursuit of our own security. We can say our purpose is to use human knowledge and energy in creating the finest life of which the human imagination is capable. We can make our voice the most resonant in the world behind the idea of world law—an idea that may yet create the conditions that alone can give reasonable assurance of peace and freedom.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SENATORIAL SALUTE

With the passage of the drug bill I wish to take this opportunity to extend my heartfelt appreciation to your Science Editor, John Lear, for his excellent articles over a three-year period on the drug industry. These articles provided not only facts and insight into problems with which we became concerned; they also provided us with the comforting thought that somebody else, whose judgment we valued, felt that there was something awfully wrong in the drug industry.

Having spent so many months investigating these problems I am acutely aware of the immense difficulties of trying to bring out the truth concerning this complex industry which for so many years escaped scrutiny by wrapping around its shoulders the mantle of scientific research. The argument that anybody who criticized any aspect of the drug industry was interfering with the process of creating wonder drugs is, as you have come to know, a most formidable barrier against objective inquiry.

That John Lear had the knowledge, imagination and tenacity to surmount this and other obstacles placed in his path by the industry is a magnificent tribute not only to Mr. Lear himself but to the magazine which has had the courage and sense of public responsibility to publish his articles. S. 1552 is a strong and effective measure. That it has become the law of the land is due in no small part to the contributions to knowledge in what was otherwise an almost unknown and unexplored area by the articles of John Lear appearing in the *Saturday Review*.

Estes Kefauver, Chairman,
Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly,
Judiciary Committee, U.S. Senate.
Washington, D.C.

RELIGION AND CITIZENSHIP

In his "Manner of Speaking" [*SR*, Sept. 22], John Ciardi writes that the Supreme Court's decision "is fundamental to the idea of the American democracy. It takes religion away from no man and forces it upon none." If this were true, there would be very little reason to oppose the Court's decision. The fact is, however, that the Court begins to deprive religion of one of its ground works, the public expression of religion. If the thinking of the Court and Mr. Ciardi is carried out to its fullest extent, all recognition of God in public life will have to disappear. Religion will be confined to the Church and the home. God will have no place in the school, the Court, or any of our other public institutions. Religion as it must be lived—that is twenty-four hours a day, interiorly and exteriorly—will be taken away from the vast majority of men.

Those who support the use of prayers in the schools do not mean to ignore the frustration of the secularist. They have attempted to allow him peace of mind by permitting his children to remain quiet while the other students pray. However, the secularists in pursuing their own goals are paralyzing the majority; in attaining their rights, they are abrogating the rights of the majority.

John A. Leonard, S.J.
Loyola Seminary.
Shrub Oak, N.Y.

Having read John Ciardi on the school-prayer decision of the Supreme Court I am moved to say "Bravo!" His key words are "A man's religion is his own business. . . ." No man, no government has a right to force a religion on anyone who doesn't want it, or to take a religion away from anyone who does want it.

John A. Pope.
Washington, D.C.

Congratulations and many thanks to John Ciardi for his magnificent article on "Religion and Citizenship." I wish reprints of it could be distributed to every literate person in the United States.

Miriam Allen DeFord.
San Francisco, Calif.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith
"I liked the old cave better."

PROJECT PROMETHEUS

I invite the attention of *SR*'s readers to PROJECT PROMETHEUS, which was presented this past June at the Accra Assembly ("The World Without the Bomb") in Ghana. Under PROJECT PROMETHEUS the United Nations would invite the U.S.A. and the USSR to collaborate in building and orbiting a communications satellite to serve as the medium for global radio and television programs of an educational and cultural nature, from, by, and to all nations of the world. These programs would be supervised by an international group of scholars established by and responsible to UNESCO.

The satellite, *Prometheus*, paid for in part at least by popular subscription, would be publicly owned. Here is one place where international cooperation is possible, without tensions and jealousies. If the USSR is unable or unwilling to collaborate, the U.S.A. could supply (not donate) the world satellite to the United Nations—thus bringing fire and light from the heavens above to the billions of people of the world. PROJECT PROMETHEUS is described in detail in an official document (GP/A1733/500/6/61-62), published by the Assembly in Accra, Ghana. Strong pressures from all the peoples of the earth could convert this dream into a practical reality.

Oliver L. Reiser,
University of Pittsburgh.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THOUSANDFOLD THANKS

Re the appearance of "FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1000" [*SR*, Sept. 29]:

A thousand thanks, with bows and salaams,
For your thousand delightful cryptograms!

Sister Moira, S.C.N.
Nazareth College.
Nazareth, Ky.

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Election 1962:

Thunder on the Right

WHEN THE Conservative party of New York State cried out recently against the "tyranny of liberal interlopers" in the Republican party who had "again and again . . . imposed on the voters of New York a meaningless choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee," their indignation echoed back over several decades. "Me-tooism" has been the recurrent cry of right-wing Republicans, as their party has brushed aside more orthodox candidates to nominate a series of men called "upstart" or "watered down" Republicans: Willkie, Dewey, the triumphant Eisenhower, and Richard Nixon. No wonder the public is bored, they assert, with pallid political debate. Let us be done with compromise; let us recover our integrity, and penetrate the prevailing political fog with stirring convictions, clearly stated and courageously defended.

And why not? The call to political purity has an enduring appeal; Eisenhower was elected in 1952 in part because of a public weariness with "politics as usual" and a yearning for a purer, more elevated governmental plane. It eventually became evident that despite the Eisenhower crusade and the President's genuine indifference to politics, politics as usual had not, after all, been abolished, and the minks and freezers of the Truman era were followed by the saga of Sherman Adams, which, in turn, was followed by Billie Sol Estes. Nevertheless, hope springs eternal that the body politic may one day be cleansed of its compromise and corruptions, that a new political day may dawn in which issues are faced and fought forthrightly.

The same argument is used on the other side, too; it is not only the Right which longs for freedom to speak its own voice. "Who needs the South?" impatient Northern liberal Democrats have been heard to suggest. But today, for the most part, the thunder is from the right, as conservatives seek to define a position against what they see as the predominant liberal consensus. Their hope is that Americans may be awakened, before it is too late, by True Conservatives able to bring the national peril into focus, and that candidates who stand rather than straddle will bring to the polls millions of apathetic voters who have sat out years of "Me-Tooist" elections.

It is most unlikely to happen. Discontented New York Conservatives who claim the Republican leadership under Rockefeller has "made the Republican party on the state level virtually indistinguishable from the Democratic party" will do well to look back to the year 1949, when the parties and their candidates could be readily distinguished. That year, old-line liberal Democrat Herbert Lehman was running for the Senate against a Republican candidate who had had enough of Me-Tooism and took a clear conservative line—the late John Foster Dulles. Dulles spoke out firmly against the "welfare state" and was roundly defeated by Lehman by a margin of 200,000 votes.

Unfortunately for conservative hopes, those apathetic citizens who sit home on election day are not, for the most part, Republicans at all, either of modern or conservative stripe; they are Democrats. In 1960, when our pre-election surveys used a series of questions about past voting habits and present voting intentions to divide respondents into those likely or unlikely to vote, Democrats represented 49 per cent of the likely voters and 60 percent of those unlikely to vote. The same pattern was evident in 1956.

IN 1960, although no True Conservative was running for President, it was the Republicans who were more involved in the election. Asked in September how important they thought the outcome of the election, 59 per cent of the Republicans interviewed replied that it was of major importance that their candidate won. Only 49 per cent of the Democrats echoed this sentiment. One month later, 74 per cent of the Republicans and only 65 per cent of the Democrats reported that they were "very much interested in the coming election." The silent America is, for the most part, a Democratic America; the hidden America waiting to spring to voting action at the "True Conservative" call just doesn't exist.

If ultra-conservatives wish to contribute their convictions to the national political dialogue, they have a right—and a duty—to do so. But they should not do so under the illusion that they can arouse a groundswell of latent conservative sentiment, that they ca persuade the nation to follow them. The Republicans who might have large followings are liberals such as Richard Nixon, Nelson Rockefeller, Jacob Javits, John Sherman Cooper, Clifford Case. If the ultra-conservative Republicans kill them off, they will kill their party.

We are a moderate nation, long used to following the middle of the road, capable at most of brief attraction to intermittent eruptions from left or right. In the early Thirties, the nation was for a while willing to go along with *all* of Roosevelt's experiments, but by the end of the decade, the people were calling a stop to further social innovation. So, in the Fifties, McCarthyism, while never enjoying majority support, had for a time some popular appeal; but a few months before the Senator's death, only 16 per cent of the public approved of him, 20 per cent disapproved, and the rest were "neutral." Today, among those who have heard of the John Birch Society, only 8 per cent hold a favorable opinion of it.

This moderation is nothing new. American politics, like that of all healthy democratic countries, is based on compromise, and the way we worl out our compromises is *within* our political parties. In such a large and heterogeneous country, any winner in the political arena must represent a coalition of forces; no single ideological or regional view can prevail. This has been true from the beginning, and the first Me-Too candidate was William Henry Harrison, who brought the conservative Whigs to power in 1840 through a frontier-flavored, Jacksonian-type campaign. Our political party history has been characterized by a series of shifting coalitions, as political, social and economic forces waxed and waned on the political scene. When one party has begun to represent too fixedly the limited beliefs or interests of any single group, becoming unresponsive to the popular forces of the day, that party has eventually lost power. Sometimes liberalism has found its best home in the Republican party, sometimes in the Democratic. Minority protests against the prevailing majority have only found effective expression through influencing a major party's policies; third parties have produced much oratory, but have left little mark in elected candidates. Dictatorship remains man's only escape from politica. compromise, because political compromise is part of the essential fabric of the democratic way of life.

—ELMO ROPER.

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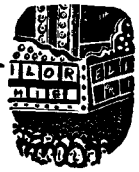

A Talk With Antonioni

IT WAS HARDLY three years ago that Michelangelo Antonioni found himself, his actors, and a crew of forty marooned in Sicily without funds for finishing a film called "L'Avventura." "There was hardly a lira between us," he told me recently, "and it had gotten to the point where there was no food." An Italian producer who had promised to back the film had suddenly run out of funds himself, and frantic efforts to find another source of money were not bearing result. "The crew deserted us," Antonioni said. "We got hold of another crew, and they, too, left." At last a new producer providentially came to the fore, and the movie—recently raised to classic status by vote of an international film jury—was finished.

Antonioni, a slim, intense man in his middle forties, born and schooled in Ferrera, now finds himself the most frequently and vehemently discussed of all European directors. When he followed "L'Avventura" with "La Notte" he became not only artistically, but commercially acceptable. Producers came to him, rather than he having to go to producers. He flatly refused to join such other major Italian directors as Fellini and De Sica in "Boccaccio 70," and it was not necessary for him to show a script to get the million dollars, more or less, needed for his latest film, "The Eclipse."

With "The Eclipse," which will be discussed in a subsequent issue of *SR*, he has completed what he regards as a trilogy. The three films are related not at all in story, but in terms of their mood, emotional, and thematic content. Another common denominator is that Monica Vitti, an actress Antonioni took from the stage and who has become his constant companion, has parts in all three films. In "The Eclipse" she embodies Antonioni's concept of "imprisoned sentiments" as a girl who leaves a man she doesn't love, and leaves another she does love. The latter is a stock-broker, equally imprisoned in his world of money and speculation.

Antonioni is fond of the word "pessimism" to describe his outlook, and this pessimism has to do with what he regards as the weakening of the feeling and emotions in our time. "Our time," he said, "is one in which it seems to me there is a decadence of love. The very quality of emotion has changed." He cited the inability of the wife and husband in "La Notte" to communicate. "In both 'L'Avventura' and 'La Notte' the feeling is negative. The characters reach an emotional impasse. 'The Eclipse' can be regarded as negative, too, as pessimistic, in that two people abandon their love, but for me there is a significant difference in that they take a stand against commonplace morality."

Antonioni has never made a film which has not, in some way, broken with traditional concepts of film-making, and "The Eclipse" caused a great deal of comment when it was found that its last several minutes bore no trace of the two characters revealed so intimately in previous sequences. But it was in these final scenes that Antonioni hoped the connection between all three films would become clear. And he was obviously counting upon a certain loyalty and effort from his audience not generally bestowed on movies. "It is true," he said, "that much more is being demanded of the public, but at the same time the public has become much more demanding."

Antonioni's world has been described as "a world where love is a hopeless dead end," symbolized most eloquently in the final scene of "L'Avventura" where the two passion-bound searchers for a missing girl find themselves tied together without love or rational reason for being together. It is a scene which has been endlessly and sometimes weirdly debated over, and Antonioni, when asked for its meaning, first begged the question by saying he was merely the author, then cited a statement he made when the film was shown in Cannes.

"The present moral standards we live by," this statement reads in part, "these myths, these conventions, are all old and obsolete. Yet we honor them. Why? The conclusion reached by the protagonists in my film is not one of sentimentality. If anything, what they finally arrive at is a sense of pity for each other. Eros is sick, man is uneasy, something is bothering him. And whenever something bothers him, man reacts, but he reacts badly, only on erotic impulse, and he is unhappy. The tragedy in 'L'Avventura' stems directly from an erotic impulse of this type—unhappy, miserable, futile."

But the problem of our time is not only erotic malfunction, according to Antonioni. His films are concerned also with a loss of contact between modern man and his environment. "Reality," he said, "becomes more fleeting and

(*Continued on page* 65)

On a Windy Day

By Gene Frumkin

ON a windy day
in the park, the sun
pale lemon on the grass,
beside us
on the bench a basket
holding a thermos of coffee,
some macaroons, a book
on DeKooning.
As the child
catches leaves
for the building
of a house, we discuss
the daily problem
of how to continue.

On a lawn
some fifty yards
before us, boys
are playing football
in flimsy shirts,
ignoring the wind and us.
There is Hermes
and there, Sammy Baugh
—who can say how their names
will change?
I played football too
on the grass of my time
never predicting
this park.

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TV AND RADIO

The Face of Soviet Youth

EDUCATION in the USSR has been, for a number of years, a matter of serious concern to many Americans—perhaps more serious, on occasion, than circumstances warranted. But the fact remains that Soviet schools should not and cannot be ignored in the USA. Rather, they should be known, understood, and realistically appraised, as an antidote to hysterical comparisons with our own schools.

A major contribution to such knowledge and understanding was aired on September 28 over the ABC Television Network under the title **"Meet Comrade Student."** Filmed in Moscow by an ABC News team from a script written by *SR*'s own Robert Lewis Shayon, the hour-long documentary attempted to project for the American viewer an accurate picture of a typical Moscow home and family, as well as Soviet primary, secondary, and trade schools; extra-curricular cultural activities; the physical fitness program; and of political indoctrination of the young.

The ABC team faced the difficulties and restrictions imposed on any observer of the Soviet scene; yet within the limitations of preselected schools they were given great freedom. The picture that emerged was by no means a complete one, but a number of basic impressions of Soviet schools came through with great clarity—the importance the Russians attach to education, the strictly disciplined and highly competitive nature of life in the schools, and the concentrated effort devoted to learning by both students and teachers.

The structure and pattern of Soviet education was described, in part, through the careers of two boys, Aloysha Garanine, a fifteen-year-old ninth grader, and his thirteen-year-old brother, Nikita, in the sixth grade. Aloysha, for instance, told about his school program which includes algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, literature, English, Western literature, technical drawing, history, geography of the USSR and, as he said, "many others." Both boys were looking toward examinations which would determine their futures. An eighth-grade exam would decide whether Nikita would continue his studies or go to work or to a trade school. Another at a later date would determine whether Aloysha would be one of the 15 per cent of his class to enter the university.

The scenes in the boy's home were by all odds the least successful. A self-conscious attempt to humanize the family by imposing a standard U.S. family-comedy TV formula proved merely painful. These scenes gave American viewers an elementary sense of family life in the USSR.

But as the camera followed the boys through a school day, the effect was often striking. School life in the Soviet is very different from that in the U.S.—more restrained, more formal, more disciplined. But so, too, is the educational experience in the nations of Western Europe. And despite the differences, the similarities in the essential nature of the educating process — the pleasures of discovery and sense of competence achieved, the frustrations of failure—came through forcefully.

Especially effective were the views of English language instruction. Children and teachers alike appeared to forget the camera in the intensity of their concentration on the work at hand and in their common dedication to learning. And the evidence presented of the results achieved was impressive.

An introductory scene in a physical education class appeared to overstate the highly disciplined nature of education in the USSR, but a more accurate picture emerged from the classroom scenes. Strict, to be sure, but far from coldly impersonal, these scenes projected a firm discipline that was often warmed by humor and by human understanding of childhood's needs.

"Meet Comrade Student" offers little comfort to those who would write off Soviet education as too harshly rigid and too narrowly focused on math and the sciences to be effective. But neither does it indicate that the USSR has successfully solved all of its educational problems. There is little doubt that the schools selected for filming were the "showcase" schools of the Soviet capital. All is not that rosy in the big red schoolhouse generally. But the program did provide Americans with a clear view of what the best Soviet schools are doing, how they are going about it, and what they are achieving. And the picture that emerges may well send us back with new vigor to the continuing task of improving America's schools.

—JAMES CASS,
Associate Education Editor.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LETTER OUT, LETTER IN

Here are ten pairs of words (plus one triplet), assembled by Robert E. Stevens of Portland, Oregon, which become different words by the process of altering the first and last letters of each pair. (Examples: *History, distort; candid, bandit.*) Answers on page 55.

1. warm and friendly
   scarcity
2. encircled
   short rest
3. small gnats
   make nervous movements
4. producing fright
   sweet potato-shaped musical instrument
5. emotion
   straight flight
6. man from another planet
   prejudiced
7. trained hawks
   projecting platform from a building
8. spinning caterpillar
   plant with showy flowers
9. fortified building
   in conclusion
10. perfumed liquid
    smoked sausage

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Who's Afraid of Big Bad Broadway?

EDWARD ALBEE'S first long play, **"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"**, begins with deceptive casualness. An Associate Professor of history named George, and his wife, Martha, who is also the daughter of the college's president, return home from a party a little crocked. As this middle-aged pair start to quarrel over trivial matters, and to swill down more liquor than even full professors can afford, they seem more interested in fighting and hurting one another than they are in whatever they find to quarrel about. Soon they are joined by a young biology instructor and his wife, whom Martha has invited to come back to their house for a long nightcap into daylight.

What is the source of the savage events that follow? Is it Martha's disappointment that George is a failure at his profession? Is it some acquired sexual frigidity which causes her to seek gratification in a constant emasculative assault on her husband? Or could it be, as the playwright suggests, a mass progress towards impotence and depersonalization by the declining Western World?

Whatever it is, its symptoms are revealed in four fascinating and cruel games which are only extensions of incidents you might see at a number of modern well-oiled parties. The first of these is "Humiliate the Host," in which we see Martha rip every protective layer of dignity off of George to the point where he goes berserk and tries to kill her.

Game Number Two is "Get the Guests," with George driving a splinter of unpleasant truth into the young wife's illusions about her husband, Nick. Then comes "Hump the Hostess," of necessity a partly offstage charade which suggests that the scientific Nick, who played too many doctor games with little girls as a child, is having potency problems as an adult. And finally there is "Bringing up Baby," or George's exorcism from their lives of the apparently fictitious son he and Martha have privately pretended they have had during their twenty-three year period of adjustment.

At the end George and Martha are left together in a state of peace following the violent but gratifying games that seem to have served them as a sex-substitute. Ironically, he sings her to sleep with the title song.

Mr. Albee's first Broadway effort contains some of the Freudian criticism of modern behavior that ran through his earlier "The American Dream" and "The Death of Bessie Smith." And like his play "The Zoo Story," it accepts the necessity for violence as the ultimate means of human contact. But "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" is more recognizably real and self-generating than were its predecessors. We don't need to accept psycho-sexual explanations to believe and to be held by this play's events. Indeed we suspect that George's eloquent plea for vulnerable and mysterious humanity in its death struggle with an all-perfecting scientific synthesis voices Mr. Albee's own rejection of psychological determinism.

Under Alan Schneider's relaxed direction, a cast of four plays the three and a half-hour work so entertainingly that we eagerly anticipate each new grim gambit. Arthur Hill captures the slow-burning desperation of George in a way that would have delighted the late James Thurber. Uta Hagen is uproarious as the loud-mouthed Martha. George Grizzard and Melinda Dillon paint an amusing portrait of younger-generation materialism and vapidity. And throughout the evening William Ritman's womb-like set remains inviting, while preserving a formal mystery.

The best things in the play make us laugh, because of what Mr. Albee describes as their "sense of the ridiculous." If we don't find George and Martha as tragic as Strindberg would have drawn them, it is perhaps because their plight seems more voluntary than enforced. On the other hand, things are hardly exaggerated enough to be called "Theatre of the Absurd," either. For want of a better term, let's call "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" a neo-naturalistic horror comedy and enjoy it with the uneasiness its scowling but frequently merry author would like to evoke.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Richard Baldridge's steadily anguished concoction of Walt Whitman's poetic incantation, **"We, Comrades Three,"** can only nominally be called a play. But the APA repertory company, in the first of three seasons at the University of Michigan, has produced the drama so stunningly and imaginatively that it becomes a visual and emotional treat. Ann Roth's settings and a superb cast achieve a new high in quality for a company that has more continuity than most of the professional theatre companies in our country.

—HENRY HEWES.

IN NEW YORK'S THEATRES

5 TONY AWARDS
BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR
EMLYN WILLIAMS
THOMAS GOMEZ
GEORGE ROSE
in ROBERT BOLT'S
CRITICS CIRCLE PRIZE PLAY
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
also starring ALBERT DEKKER
ANTA THEA., 52 St. W. of Broadway Cir 6-6270
Eves. at 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

"MAGNIFICENT!"—*Chapman, News*
KATHRYN GRAYSON WILLIAM SQUIRE ARTHUR TREACHER
in LERNER & LOEWE'S
CAMELOT
also starring Robert Peterson
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44 St. W. of Broadway
Eves. at 8:35: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:35

"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN OF THE MUSICAL THEATRE!" — Taubman, Times
NO STRINGS
New Musical Ent Starring
RICHARD KILEY DIAHANN CARROLL
Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book by SAMUEL TAYLOR
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Mark Tobey: A Moving Encounter

SINCE FUTURISM no artist has dealt more effectively with the multiplicity of modern life than has Mark Tobey. But unlike those of the Futurists, his methods are less schematic. Though he has developed a new technique called "white writing," he does not follow a prescribed set of rules to achieve the motion and interplay he is after. Tobey's paintings curiously belie the very activity that keynotes them, the overall movement and dispersion becoming homogeneous precisely because dematerialization is complete. And this despite the fact that our eyes travel hypnotically through a maze of white lines—in and out, back and forth—with no hope of arriving at a final destination.

For Tobey, there is no final destination, no one center of interest, no single focus. For him there are infinite levels of movement and meaning, sliding, colliding, and interacting. At first glance some of his finest works seem so fluid as to challenge the paper on which they are painted.

That his art is based on meticulous technical control is undeniable, but it is not disciplined methods that make Tobey's exhibition, now on view at the Museum of Modern Art, an extraordinary and moving encounter. I think the secret lies in his ability to invest even the smallest fragment with authentic content. No one has defined this word more specifically than the artist himself. In an interview quoted in *Saturday Review* (July 2, 1960), he said, "The content of a painting is tied up with time, place, and history. It is always related to man's beliefs and disbeliefs, to his affirmations and negations."

Though Tobey's name is habitually associated with "white writing," it is less his tangled white lines we remember—more the incandescence they produce. Nor is pure luminosity his goal, for he uses light as a symbolic force. At times, the radiance he creates seems almost supernatural.

True, Tobey "writes" a painting and we read it. The impact is never immediate. Somewhat unique today, he works minutely and painstakingly to produce a strange calligraphy, part Oriental, part Western—but, in the last analysis, always Tobey. What really counts is how this interlacing calligraphy ceases to be merely gossamer threading lines as it turns into a mystic translucence. In an era of paint for paint's sake, he makes no apology for his symbolism, much of which is based on religion. A believer in the Bahá'í faith, Tobey allows the titles of his pictures to underline his main preoccupation. "Battle of the Lights," "Prophetic Light," "City Radiance"—these are characteristic examples of his fervent celebration of light as a source of inner revelation.

There are other paintings of surpassing quality—"Edge of August," with its burning sunlight distilled through layers of atmosphere; "Omnia," so richly interwoven as to justify its ambitious title; "Above the Earth," suggesting flight, freedom, and the sudden violence of nature.

REPEATEDLY, Tobey goes back to nature, often endowing its humblest aspect with cosmic meaning. The tiny picture called "Breath of Stone," for all its tender fleeting surface and reduced dimensions, still implies those indomitable forces of nature that can fracture rocks and split the earth. Tobey himself early tended to atomize form, breaking it up compulsively. This is a familiar practice with artists today, but over twenty-five years ago the idea was as revolutionary as it was clairvoyant. And yet with Tobey, dissolution is identified less with science than with poetry. Take "The Shroud of Christ," so evanescent it is hard to believe the painting has been touched by human hand. Only Watteau, two centuries earlier, could produce allusive images with as reticent a brush.

For me, however, Tobey's greatest contribution rests on those many small compressed compositions that comment on our world, but "put us into a different world than the real one," which latter, according to Bernard Berenson, is the function of all art. Tobey's city paintings, especially the now famous "New York," are more than shimmering webs of agitation and luminosity; they are also cogent memories of the human aggregations that our vast cities tend to pulverize. In an area of only a few inches, this artist is able to project endless strata of energy.

I have recently been surprised by the frequent statement that Tobey is a minor artist, an opinion, by the way, held chiefly in America. His reception in Europe has been far more positive. (Since Whistler he is the only American to be honored by a show at the Louvre and also by the international prize at the Venice Biennale.) Surely the physical size of a picture does not determine its significance. Vermeer, Paul Klee, and the water colors of Turner are enough to prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt. Today when we tend to be surfeited with overstatement and primitivism, Tobey's fastidious control is welcome. If we are to judge him, as we must, by the meaning, the content of his splintered forms (so totally shattered that they coalesce into a new kind of nonform), then we can only accept him as a major, indeed perhaps *the* major American artist, a man able to explore and translate our psychic surroundings with acute understanding. Who cares whether his works are large or small, painted or drawn, loose or tight?

Stressing the "oneness" of human life, Tobey forges unity from oppositions. Positive and negative, dark and light, hollow and solid, speed and rest, density and transparency, dot and dash—these are the contrasting elements he relies on. But as he has noted, it is the more subtle oppositions of "man's beliefs and disbeliefs, his affirmations and negations" that finally make his world.

Incidentally, there is a remarkable round painting in the exhibition called "World." With the barest touches of color the artist here created a molten expandng mass that recalls not only the birth of our planet but also the interaction of life on that planet today.

During September, a second Tobey exhibition opened in New York. Late paintings were on view at the Willard Gallery, which for almost twenty years has shown this artist's work, years I might add that until recently were not always reassuring for either the painter or the dealer. These new works indicate that at seventy-two Mark Tobey is still a formidable innovator.

The exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art shortly goes on to Cleveland and Chicago, accompanied by a comprehensive catalogue written by William Seitz, who also arranged the exhibition. —KATHARINE KUH.

In November Don't Miss:

Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth at the National Gallery of Art, Washington. One hundred and fourteen old master drawings on loan from one of the finest private collections in England include great artists from the Renaissance to the close of the seventeenth century. Notable are

(*Continued on page* 40)

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FICTION

The Gilded Pill, the Acid Test

"The Living and the Dead," by Konstantin Simonov, *translated by R. Ainsztain (Doubleday. 552 pp. $5.95), portrays a World War II Russian officer who has to defend himself not only against Germans but against the distrust of Soviet authorities. George Reavey wrote "Soviet Literature Today" and translated Gogol's "Dead Souls" and "The Poetry of Boris Pasternak."*

By GEORGE REAVEY

KONSTANTIN SIMONOV, the Soviet poet and novelist, was also a correspondent on many fronts during the Russo-German war of 1941-45. His experiences during those years have obviously bitten deeply into his creative psyche and, as a novelist in "The Living and the Dead," he is still wholly in that war. However, his involvement is not purely personal. He is also concerned with pointing a moral and warning the younger generation against the dangers of rigid dogma and distrust, against the disparity between the gilded pill of propaganda and the acid test of fact.

In his earlier novel, "Days and Nights," written almost in the heat of the battle of Stalingrad, Simonov was concerned with the stoicism of patriotic sacrifice rather than with critical evaluation. But in the new book, written in 1955-58, he displays greater perspective and a somewhat altered value background, a result, no doubt, of the more critical atmosphere of the post-Stalin era, which has allowed him to pose certain questions he would have been unable to raise previously.

In "The Living and the Dead," Simonov describes the crucial first six months of the war as seen by his hero, Sintsov, who is exposed to all the confusion and disaster of that early period of retreat from the frontier areas to the gates of Moscow. Sintsov, who, like so many other officers and men, was on leave from his post on the fateful day of June 22, 1941, is shown trying unsuccessfully to rejoin his post, and then being swept back with other splintered groups of fighting men. But when, after months of encirclement, he rejoins the Soviet front near Moscow, Sintsov and his fellow-survivors are disarmed by

Konstantin Simonov: "Shall we ever learn to trust people . . .?"

Soviet security forces. On their way, unarmed, to the rear for investigation, they are overrun and almost exterminated by a roving German tank column. Sintsov escapes, but loses his identity papers and party card. As a man without a document, he now becomes a pariah; he has to defend himself not only against the Germans but also against the distrust of various Soviet authorities. In Moscow, where the panic reaches its height on October 16, Sintsov succeeds with the help of a more trusting official, Malinin, in joining the citizen militia which, as a last resort, is thrown into the battle for the city. When fresh armies from Siberia finally relieve the pressure, Sintsov, who has again proved himself in battle, still finds himself an object of suspicion. His official reinstatement, when it eventually comes, is almost meaningless, for by that time the human battle has been fought and the novel ended.

As a war hero, Sintsov is a patriotic Russian and also a loyal party man. But as a man who has lost his documents, he is never taken for granted or officially recognized even when recommended for a decoration. Thus Simonov portrays him as a triple victim: a victim, like so many of his countrymen, of a blunder on high on the eve of the war; a victim of exaggerated distrust symbolized by the security forces; and a victim of a rigid system of chronic suspicion and fear of responsibility represented by the bureaucratic machinery and the party apparatus.

This rather stark and revealing novel makes grim and fascinating reading. First, because it suggests bitter experience. Second, because it attempts to deal soberly with many wartime Soviet phenomena which have been in the past deliberately glossed over. And third, because it raises some of those questions of truth, trust, injustice, false accusation and arrest, bureaucratic and purely formal treatment of human beings, that have long weighed on the conscience of Soviet people.

"The Living and the Dead" may surprise some readers unacquainted with wartime realities on the Soviet fronts. Simonov does not romanticize the terrors of initial defeat, and he pricks the bubble of "infallible judgment" in higher quarters. He raises the question of why the Red Armies were caught by surprise, with their fighting planes grounded and so many men on leave. Pearl Harbor was at least followed by an official inquiry; but the greater disasters that befell the Russian Armies have never been officially aired as far as I know. However, some public discussion of this question has recently taken place, not only in Simonov's novel but also in a number of books by Soviet military men, such as Army General I. I. Fedyuninsky ("Wakened by the Alarm"), Colonel-General I. V. Boldin ("Pages from My Life"), and Marshal V. I. Chuikov ("The Beginning of the Road").

A NUMBER of incidents and encounters in "The Living and the Dead" help to illustrate some of the other "burning questions." Serpilin, a regimental commander who leads a shattered division out of encirclement, had been accused in 1937 of "studying German," having "German Army manuals" in his possession, and lecturing on "the dangers inherent in the tactical doctrines adopted by Hitler's Wehrmacht—warnings that were unfashionable at the time." Serpilin was forced to "sign a confession he has not made" and was sentenced "even without the pretense of a trial" to ten years' hard labor. And now, "thinking of many other officers who are still languishing in the place from which he had come, he could not help asking himself in whose interest it had been to deprive the Red Army of commanders of his, Serpilin's, caliber, almost on the eve of war."

The theme of suspicion and mistrust and of their impact on loyal and well-intentioned human beings, is a persistent one. Thus one character (Shmakov) says, "Without trust you get no vigilance, but only suspicion and panic." Another character (Shmelov) muses that "'it's time we faced the truth' . . . From whom were he and the others in charge withholding the truth? . . . this must be changed he

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Crafty Comrades

"The Golden Calf," by Ilf and Petrov, *translated by John H. C. Richardson (Random House. 390 pp. $4.95), presents in a new translation a comic Russian novel about an enterprising confidence man and his three bungling accomplices. Henry Popkin is Associate Professor of English at New York University.*

By HENRY POPKIN

AN OLD friend is back—a Russian comic novel of 1931 which, when it first appeared in English the following year, was called "The Little Golden Calf." The new translator, John H. C. Richardson, tacitly acknowledges that most calves are likely to be little, but his amusing rendering of an amusing book does not otherwise represent any notable advance over the earlier version, except in anticipating history by introducing such words as "brain-wash" and "daddie" (where, thirty years ago, Charles Malamuth said "befuddle" and "papa darling").

This is the history of Ostap Bender, a confidence man who pursues his fortune in post-revolutionary Russia. He was also the hero of "The Twelve Chairs," by the same pair of satirists who, according to the blurb, never "received as much as a slap on the wrist throughout their careers." In "The Twelve Chairs" Bender's throat is cut, and he is authoritatively said to be dead. We must therefore assume that "The Golden Calf," a later book, chronicles his earlier adventures—or else that, like Frankenstein's monster in all those films of long ago, he is very hard to kill. At any rate, we have reason to be grateful that Bender rose from the grave.

For most of the story Bender is running down an illegal millionaire with the intention of taking one of his ten millions. He is accompanied by three dimwitted accomplices who are utterly incompetent and superfluous, except that one drives their car, the "Antelope." These four musketeers trade on other cheats, on the antiquated adherents of the previous regime, and the naïve optimists of the young Soviet Union. Still other con men in the cast include the illegal millionaire himself and a small army of Soviet bureaucrats (all of them ultimately discharged, we are primly told at the end). This congress of rogues provides a rich harvest of picaresque stories in the old tradition, such as the one about the chauffeur who, having driven wicked bureaucrats around on their orgies, is continually summoned as a witness for the prosecution and then is boycotted for being a stool pigeon. One faker gets permission to print postcards of a new power station; his printing company flourishes at the expense of the station and becomes a going concern, printing pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and other notables, while the unfinished power station is deserted. Not all the crooks are as effective, however: two of them steal the millionaire's dumbbells, which they believe to be made of gold until several hours of hard work with a hacksaw persuades them otherwise.

All of this is very funny, even though Ilf and Petrov are nominally concerned with reproving these opportunists. In this respect they are like Shakespeare's contemporary Robert Greene, who told similar stories to warn people against cheats but who was obviously charmed with the cheats' ingenuity. The novel falters most noticeably at the end, when the triumphant Bender meets some model citizens who make him feel like two kopecks.

Anyone who needs more reasons to justify reading a frivolous book should know (1) that these con men resemble those Mark Twain drew in "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Gilded Age"—an indication that a new country is a breeding ground for such entrepreneurs; and (2) that the Ostap Benders still flourish in Russia, for we frequently read that the courts sentence them to death and do not, like Ilf and Petrov, let them off with a beating.

MUSIC MADE VISIBLE: Galina Ulanova, probably the world's greatest living ballerina, describes her work as "The Embodiment of Music in Movement." In Albert E. Kahn's "Days with Ulanova" (Simon & Schuster. $10), the profoundly modest dancer, who once hesitated to autograph a picture for Khrushchev because "He's a very important person," was captured by Kahn's camera on stage, in rehearsal, in teaching sessions, at meetings of the Bolshoi Ballet council, of which she is chairman, and as a private human being.

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Crime out of Mind

"The Courage of His Convictions," by Tony Parker and Robert Allerton *(Norton. 182 pp. $3.95), documents the development of an unrepentant young criminal. Ralph S. Banay is medical director of the Civic Center Clinic, an institution for rehabilitation of offenders.*

By RALPH S. BANAY

WITH the help of a tape-recorder, Tony Parker has assembled here what purports to be the autobiography of Bob Allerton, an unregenerate criminal who at the age of thirty-three has spent a third of his life in prison and is content to have gambled this time away as a means of living the other two-thirds as he likes. His nine convictions have brought sentences totaling eighteen years, twelve of which he served. His offenses have covered ten varieties of larceny and violence. After telling the sordid story of his conflict with society, the adamant rebel sums up his defiance: "I don't say I've never had a chance, because I have, I've had plenty of chances . . . . I've no intention of going straight, I'm just being more careful, that's all."

For the general reader this story may convey, as its blurb boasts, a revealing insight into the mentality of a professional criminal. From a clinical standpoint, however, it merely documents the familiar picture of the criminal psychopath. There is no mystery about the ways of his kind: from Legs Diamond, Dutch Schultz, Dillinger, and Willie Sutton down through a long roll of notorious exemplars, the ruthless outlaw has been redundantly portrayed in his sociological origins, his persistently expanding criminality, his impermeability to corrective measures, his immunity to logic or reason, his evasion of social responsibility, and his determination to go on until a police bullet, execution, or a life term ends his career.

Characteristically, Allerton was a child of a squalid London slum. His ineffective father and mother, the only straight people in his life (a grandfather was a professional pickpocket), struggled hopelessly to guide or cudgel him into rectitude, but the teeming Dickensian streets, where one survived by filching, were the matrix of the

—Ewing Galloway.

". . . determination to go on until . . . execution or a life term ends his career."

susceptible youth. The confusion of the bomb-wracked war years provided opportunity and cover to progress from petty thieving to robbery, often abetted by violence. A precocious police-news character, the boy shuttled from remand home to reform school to Borstal, fleeing custody, scorning work, hoodwinking would-be mentors, ever aprowl for another chance at smash-and-grab, housebreaking, or safe-blowing. Army service led only to an extension of his criminal enterprise and to further proof, in guardhouses and military prisons, of his incorrigibility.

In a pertinent chapter of his reminiscences, Allerton passes judgment upon the people who at various times tried to reform him. For most of these he expresses only arrogant contempt, either because they did not appeal to him personally or because he sensed in them insincerity or hypocrisy. But he indicates that one school teacher, a discerning magistrate, and the headmaster of a reform school exerted upon him a persuasive charm that, if pursued and cultivated, might have softened his stony resistance. Allerton emerges from his story as an exceptionally articulate and intelligent specimen of his kind. He develops into a budding connoisseur of art and letters, able to appreciate for their own sake the bibelots he steals from a duke. He forswears his earlier penchant for vicious mayhem, but remains willing to maim or murder again if he finds it necessary. Almost his sole item of remorse is for the childhood theft of two shillings from his mother.

Yet he clings jealously to the blind spot that prevents his acknowledging not only the inexpediency but the stupidity of his way of life. He offers the usual rationalization, based upon the essential dishonesty and hypocrisy of respectable people and the eligibility of the rich for victimization. It should be noted that at least twice he received head injuries serious enough to send him to a hospital in one case and to blind him for several days in the other.

Allerton's self-portrait conforms to the accepted definition of the psychopath as a person who through constitutional defect or traumatic damage or other environmental stresses—or, more probably, through a combination of these—matures physically without developing the superego that might have made him a responsible, dependable social factor. The primitive basis of his personality is overlaid so thinly with the veneer of civilization that, as in Allerton's case, he can habitually rob or assault without compunction.

Though it is easy to recognize and classify these people, attempts to correct or treat them have encountered an overwhelming degree of difficulty. As a rule, they live out their short or long lives in a pseudo-glamour that might dazzle themselves and the uninitiated, but that leads inevitably to their self-destruction.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1004

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1004 will be found in the next issue.

TSEKADBWSG WC D

NDBDO BQWGZ; GSBQWGZ

CPHHKKEC OWJK KMHKCC.

SCHDA VWOEK.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1003

This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel.

—HORACE WALPOLE.

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Progress of Punishment

"Stone Walls: Prisons from Fetters to Furloughs," by Miriam Allen deFord *(Chilton. 236 pp. $5), traces the slow evolution of penal methods from barbaric punishment to rehabilitation. Miriam Van Waters was superintendent of the Framingham, Mass., Reformatory for twenty-five years.*

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

TO MOST persons there is an irresistible fascination in stories about crime and punishment, court trials and prisons.

Miriam Allen deFord has written a true account of the long history of punishment and imprisonment, and the gradual emergence of ideas of penal reform and the rehabilitation of the offender. She has done an enormous amount of research, and her account is well documented; but while the scholarship is authentic, it is not obtrusive. This is an absorbing book for the general reader interested in social problems.

With the exception of the modern prison program of Israel, the work is worldwide in scope. Europe, India, Ceylon, Japan, England, New Zealand, Australia, Mexico, the Philippines, the Near East, Central and South America, Canada and the United States are presented in their attempts to solve the crime problem.

Until it reaches the recent past, this is a history of terror, depravity, and corruption. The progress from fetters to furloughs has been made against the obstacles presented by politicians and by public indifference. Torture, branding with hot irons, flogging, and other forms of physical mutilation have now almost disappeared; but the author notes a barbaric survival in some parts of the United States and elsewhere of third-degree police methods to extort confessions, as well as in the use of the death penalty.

The chief evils of imprisonment are the increase of the inmate's bitterness and hostility to society, and the waste and deterioration of his ability. The author notes that a good prison program includes proper food, medical care, a system of classification, education, work, and religious activities.

It was Sweden that first introduced the furlough, or conditional release for prisoners about to be paroled. This is now part of the correctional system of California. Cleveland, Ohio, originated a prison farm to replace the county jail. These farms and forest camps now flourish in some eighteen states in this country. Mexico and the Philippines have attempted to combat sexual perversion in prison by permitting conjugal visiting.

In the United States the first pioneer in prison reform was William Penn. Then came Dr. George W. Kirchwey, Dean of Columbia Law School and for a time Warden of Sing Sing; Thomas Mott Osborne, and Warden Lewis Lawes. The author mentions also Howard Gill, who in 1927 founded the Prison Colony of Norfolk, Massachusetts. All of these men stressed self-government and community participation.

The author quotes Harry Elmer Barnes's words: "Where punishments are severe and prison sentences long, crime increases"; and she concludes her book with the statement that "the great movement for prison reform, whose often discouraging and yet hopeful history we have surveyed, must in the end, for its real success, be self-liquidating. Its final mission is to bring about the disappearance of prisons."

Wrong Side Story

"All the Way Down," by Vincent Riccio and Bill Slocum *(Simon & Schuster. 192 pp. $3.95), is a blistering report on the life of New York street gangs. Margaret Parton has written many stories on juvenile delinquency for the New York Herald Tribune and the Ladies' Home Journal.*

By MARGARET PARTON

A FOREIGN correspondent's basic job is to try to convey the reality of an unfamiliar culture to the people of his own culture. This is hard for several reasons. One is that Americans tend to think in stereotypes: "Indians are spiritual. Japanese are clever." And so on. Another is that Americans (like other peoples) find it difficult to imagine what it is like to be someone else, from somewhere else, with different ideas, different values.

Vincent Riccio is as much a foreign correspondent as Abe Rosenthal writing from Japan or Edgar Snow from China. The only difference is that Mr. Riccio is trying to interpret, with an equally earnest passion for truth, a reality within our own borders: the street gangs of New York City. The dateline may be American, but the culture seems just as foreign to middle-class Americans as any in Africa or Asia. More so, perhaps.

Mr. Riccio is a highly qualified interpreter for two reasons: he himself emerged from the world he is writing about, and he went back to it as a worker for the New York City Youth Board. For five years—until he got fed up with social workers, cops, long hours, low salaries, and the general blindness of society—he shared the life of the toughest kids in the roughest slums, laboriously winning their friendship, desperately trying to convey to them a few elements of social behavior.

He likes the kids; he managed to help a few; but he sees them with clear eyes. "The kid who joins a gang," he says, "needs something that only a gang of similar misfits can give him. He is more often stupid than not; he is without exception an inept, uncoordinated athlete; he is a juvenile dreg needing the company of his own poor kind." The author pulls no punches in describing any of his young hood-

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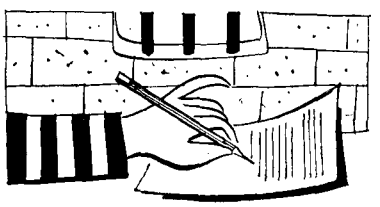
lums, and he quotes their language with appalling, but necessary, exactitude.

"All the Way Down" is sometimes amusing, as it is when the gang boys go camping in the unfamiliar wilds of New Jersey, and mistake a baby doe for a lion. It is sometimes heartwarming, as it is when Mr. Riccio describes the Gowanus Boys' pathetic fund-raising dance. And it has occasional surprises, such as the revelation that gang boys are fundamentally romantic idealists: "Love and marriage have saved more potential bums than all the clergy, police, social workers, and Youth Board people combined."

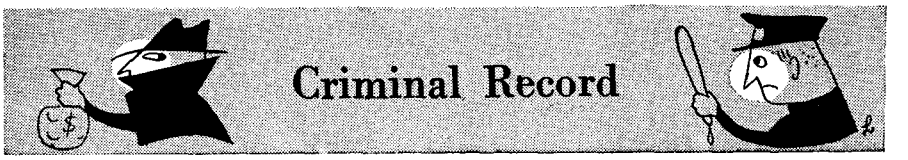
But mostly, because this is a powerful and honest book, it is almost unbearably tragic. There is the story of Tommy Hanlon, who couldn't get a job because he couldn't read; Tommy, who was dead at seventeen of an overdose of heroin. There are comments, like the one Mr. Riccio makes about Buggsey, a reformed drug addict before he was sixteen: "He was a rarity. The reform, not the age." And perhaps the saddest sentence in the book: "Why are the fathers always a little drunk when they say, 'Rick, I think my kid is on dope'?"

But even the alarming growth of dope addiction, which Mr. Riccio wisely thinks might be arrested by liberalizing narcotics laws and thus taking the profit out of pushing, is not the real



enemy. The real enemy is middle-class society, which tolerates corrupt and brutal police (and Mr. Riccio cites chapter and verse), merciless judges, pedagogic social workers innocent of the realities of the street, reform schools that don't reform, and slums where ten-year-old kids sleep under tenement stairs with the rats. The real problem is ourselves, who continually fail to heed the urgent communications of our best qualified correspondents.

Mr. Riccio and Mr. Slocum are qualified, urgent, and honest. With good reason they are also angry, and this reviewer profoundly hopes that their anger will be communicated to a great many people. "Juvenile delinquency is going to be unbeatable in ten years," the Attorney General of the United States said recently. Mr. Riccio adds bitterly: "I hope it's not unbeatable now."



THE MURDER OF STANFORD WHITE. *By Gerald Langford. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5. There was no mystery about this 1906 killing of a noted New York architect by a Pittsburgh playboy, for hundreds of people saw it, but America has had no more sensational capital case. The author, professor of English at the University of Texas, recreates the trials and their aftermath brilliantly and absorbingly.

THE WATCHDOGS OF WALL STREET. *By Hillel Black. Morrow.* $4.50. You learn here how the Securities and Exchange Commission exposes tricky stock manipulators and what happens to them; names are named; many cases are sharply current. A sizzler.

THE WANDERING WIDOWS. *By E. X. Ferrars. Crime Club.* $3.50. English engineer, touring Hebrides (same as Johnson and Boswell), meets quartet of middle-aged females one of whom meets untimely end; well-drawn local cops take over. Credible cast, good writing, and noble scenery.

THE CHINESE NAIL MURDERS. *By Robert van Gulik. Harper & Row.* $3.95. "Judge Dee's last three cases" are set forth in the present collection, which contains two postscripts detailing the author's program in planning this fine and unusual series of novels.

DEAD CERT. *By Dick Francis. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. When English steeplechase jockey is killed in fall, his suspicious pal begins sniffing around and learns plenty. Nicely knowledgeable job, with excellent pace, good touches of humor.

DIVE INTO DANGER. *By Charles Forsyte. Morrow.* $2.95. Undersea spear-gun knocks off English amateur archeologist; Inspector Richard Left, Yard ace, holidaying on Riviera, collaborates with French police to get answer. Fine account of frogmen in action.

THE EIGHTH SEAL. *By Angus MacLeod. Roy.* $3.25. Screwball director of Scottish research station (highly hush-hush) captures two visiting London journalists (one female) who have a tough time of it. Good escape-seizure-escape routine.

NO HIDING PLACE. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3.95. Ten-year-old Manhattan miss and six-year-old lad are focus of attention in this hunt-the-killer job which takes in New Jersey, Chicago, New York State. A little too much goes on here.

PATTERN OF GUILT. *By Gavin Holt. Walker.* $3.50. English biz exec. has bad moments when neighborhood views him as psychopathic child-killer; nice retired cop takes this one in hand. Grisly but well-paced.

THE PLAIN MAN. *By Julian Symons. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Huge staff of British magazine empire is rocked when editor is murdered; culprit's exposure via TV rocks millions more. Cast is of excessive magnitude.

THE PALE HORSE. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $3.75. Priest is murdered on way home from visit to dying London woman; regular cops handle this one. You'll keep turning back to page 20 and love it.

A SNATCH OF MUSIC. *By Ludovic Peters. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. London private-eye duo, not doing too well, hit big time when snatch job involves trips to Germany and Italy, with violent payoff in Capri. *Haute politique* plays big part here.

THE FUGITIVE. *By Robert L. Fish. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Echoes of Eichmann case resound in yarn that covers much territory (Brazil-Germany-Brazil again) and many years (1939-to-present). Nervous tension omnipresent.

MENACE. *By The Gordons. Crime Club.* $3.50. Yank gal has real bad times in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok; there are dead. Brisk travelogue, but tale is basic jane-in-jam performance.

A DEAD ENDING. *By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. New York lawyer who has a libeled Croesus for client finds self tangled in murder case; ledge-sitting indulged in. High marks for this one.

MISSION OF FEAR. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $3.50. Blackmailer's murder puts Connecticut couple on spot; trip to Alabama throws some light; terminal gun-blasts clear air. Author's 51st is not his best.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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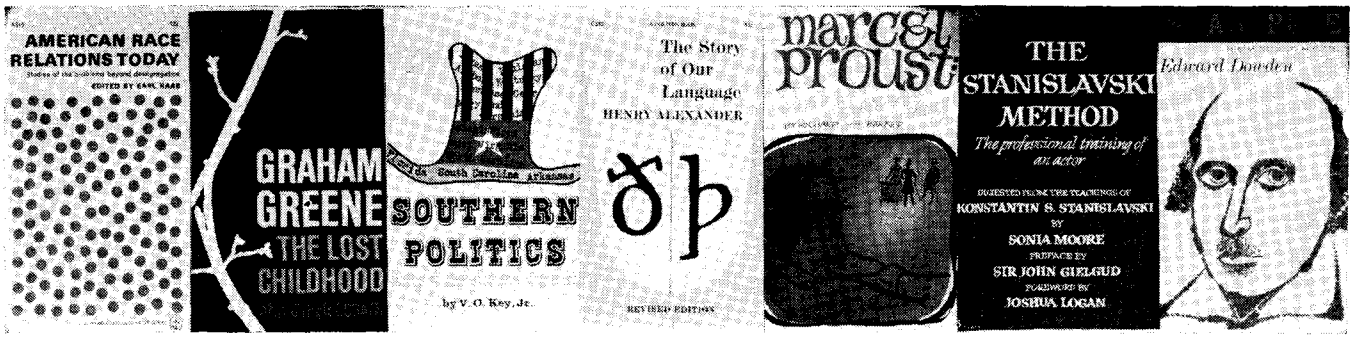

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

LEONARD SHATZKIN, general manager of Collier Books, is a pleasant and articulate gentleman. Particularly when the subject is paperback books. We called on him the other day to extend our felicitations on Collier's first birthday, one year of publishing during which they have issued 600 paperbacks.

"It's been quite a year," Mr. Shatzkin rejoiced. "We're pleased with many things we did, found a few things we'd like to change. Like our covers. Too drab having the same format for all of them. Now each book will have its own individually designed cover . . . We've discovered that the market for original paperbacks is growing. So now we plan to commission more books. When we see a need exists, we'll try to fill it. But publishers have to be responsible; they can't just publish helter-skelter . . . It's amazing how large the market for paperbacks is. In school especially. And school books nowadays are outdated almost as soon as they are off the press. They should be revised each year to keep up with the times. And that's just what we plan to do."

WHAT'S NEW: Atheneum's new paperback program has just gotten under way with the publication of fifteen titles. It's a unique arrangement which Atheneum has with Princeton and Harvard University Presses, by which Atheneum gets first crack at paperback publication of any of their old or new books. First offerings are highly impressive, including from Princeton Herbert Feis's **"The Road to Pearl Harbor"** ($1.65) and Roger Sessions's **"The Musical Experience of Composer, Performer, Listener"** (95¢), while Harvard contributes Dean Acheson's **Power and Diplomacy"** ($1.25) and e. e. cummings's **"i: Six Nonlectures"** ($1.25) . . . Collectors' item: **"Shaker Furniture"** (Dover, $2), by Edward Deming Andrews and Faith Andrews, a rare and beautiful photographic record of household furnishings which reflects the simplicity and functionalism of Shaker daily life. . . . Avon is publishing Giles A. Lutz's **"The Honyocker"** (45¢), winner of the Spur Award, which in case you can't guess is the prize for the year's best Western. . . . Meridian is taking all the fun out of the *roman à clef* by appending a key to Conrad Aiken's **"Ushant"** ($1.75). Now anyone at all can know that Rabbi Ben Ezra and Tsetse are Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

THE LITERARY LIFE

Among the things for which Edward Garnett is fondly remembered is his "discovery" of Joseph Conrad. As a publisher's reader he urged the acceptance of Conrad's first novel, "Almayer's Folly." Conrad himself later said that if the novel had been again rejected he would have given up writing. In any case, devotees of Conrad owe Mr. Garnett a good deal, not the least of which is **"Letters from Joseph Conrad"** (Charter Books, $1.85), edited by Edward Garnett, a rich correspondence that extended from 1895 to 1924.

Marcel Proust was a curiously complex man. Shy, introverted, he was still part of the gay world of Paris in the 1890s. Richard H. Barker's **"Marcel Proust: A Biography"** (Universal, $2.25) authoritatively recreates the writer's life and times.

Walter Blair's **"Mark Twain and Huck Finn"** (University of California, $2.75) is a solid work of literary scholarship, a careful analysis of "Huckleberry Finn." It is also an interesting study of Twain, who wove the threads of his own boyhood into the fabric of his famous novel.

Two recently published studies of Shakespeare are Edward Dowden's 1872 classic, **"Shakespeare: His Mind and His Art"** (Capricorn, $1.45), and Gerald E. Bentley's factual chronicle, **"Shakespeare: A Biographical Handbook"** (Yale, $1.45).

Other new publications: British novelist Rose Macaulay's **"Milton"** (Collier, 95¢), a finely drawn portrait; Janko Lavrin's concise **"Nikolai Gogol"** (Collier, 95¢); Graham Greene's **"The Lost Childhood and Other Essays"** (Compass, $1.25), a collection of literary reviews, personal recollections, and brief satirical pieces.

WORDS

"Why can't the English learn to speak?" wailed Henry Higgins, and S. I. Hayakawa surely applauded him. **"The Use and Misuse of Language"** (Premier, 75¢) is a collection of essays from *ETC*, the quarterly review of general semantics of which Hayakawa is editor. Included are such neat pieces as "Why the Edsel Laid an Egg," "The Process of News Reporting," and "Why Discussions Go Astray."

Charlton Laird's **"The Miracle of Language"** (Premier, 50¢) presents the layman with an account of how language came about all the way from the primitive man's grunts of communication to the acerbic ways of H. L. Mencken. Both Mario Pei's **"The Story of English"** (Premier, 75¢) and Henry Alexander's **"The Story of Our Language"** (Dolphin, 95¢) survey the history of English, follow changes in grammar, note the introduction of modern vocabulary, and pause in wonder at the Great Vowel Shift. Readable, concise, interesting, both of them.

Written in 1924, Holger Pedersen's **"The Discovery of Language"** (Indiana University Press, $2.95) is still a monumental work. It looks back at linguistic science in the nineteenth century when man learned to decipher cuneiform writing. Far less scholarly and more general in interest is P. E. Cleator's **"Lost Languages"** (Mentor, 75¢), which looks into the secrets of the Rosetta Stone, the Mayan glyphs, and the Easter Island monoliths. Diagrams and sketches make even the hieroglyphics readable.

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RACE RELATIONS

Gradually a whole literature dealing with the American Negro is developing, and much of it is already available in paperback. In **"Black Bourgeoisie"** (Collier, 95¢), E. Franklin Frazier, a Howard University sociologist who died only a few months ago, examines the middle-class Negro, isolated from the white world and alienated from his own cultural traditions.

"The Mark of Oppression" (Meridian, $2.25), by Abram Kardiner, M.D., and Lionel Ovesey, M.D., reveals in twenty-five psychoanalytic case histories of Negroes that each was in some way scarred by the force of social condemnation.

Race, writes J. Saunders Redding in his highly personal and effective document **"On Being a Negro in America"** (Charter, $1.35), "is a barrier to everyone, white and black, in America. It is a burden to everyone too, but it is a personal burden to the Negro—a burden of shame and outrage imposed on him at the earliest moment of consciousness and never lifted till death, and all his energies, mental, emotional, spiritual, must be held in reserve for carrying it."

Bigotry isn't the only race problem, and in **"American Race Relations Today"** (Anchor original, 95¢), edited by Earl Raab, assorted articles deal with such varied problems as the Black Muslims, Puerto Rican adjustment in New York, and Mexicans in the U.S.

In **"Desegregation and the Law"** (Vintage, $1.95), Albert Blaustein and Clarence Ferguson, Jr., analyze the Brown *vs.* Board of Education case and the Supreme Court's decision that made state-imposed racial segregation in the public schools unconstitutional. Originally published in 1957, this new edition has been updated to include more recent events.

Although V. O. Key, Jr.'s **"Southern Politics"** (Vintage, $2.95) treats many aspects beyond race relations, a substantial portion of this state-by-state survey deals with such questions as the poll tax, literacy tests, and the white primary. It's a solid primer for understanding the many forces at play in the Southern political scene.

THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

The theatre season is well under way, to judge by the number of paperbacks on the drama. Among them are such excellent anthologies as **"The Genius of the Early English Theater"** and **"The Genius of the Later English Theater"** (Mentor, 95¢ each), by Sylvan Barnet, Morton Berman, and William Butro. The former includes complete texts of seven medieval and renaissance plays, from "Everyman" to Milton's "Samson Agonistes," while in the latter six plays trace British drama from William Congreve to William Golding. Each volume includes essays by such diverse experts as T. S. Eliot, Charles Lamb, and Sir John Gielgud. Another anthology with a nod to the English stage is **"Edwardian Plays"** (Mermaid, $2.45), edited by Gerald Weales, which includes, among others, Maugham's "Loaves and Fishes," Pinero's "Mid-Channel," and Shaw's "Getting Married."

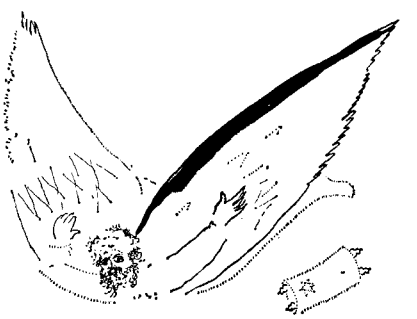
From France come Alfred de Musset's romantic **"Seven Plays"** (Mermaid, $2.45) and Jean-Paul Sartre's **"The Devil and the Good Lord"** (Vintage, $1.95), which Henri Peyre has termed "Sartre's 'Faust'."

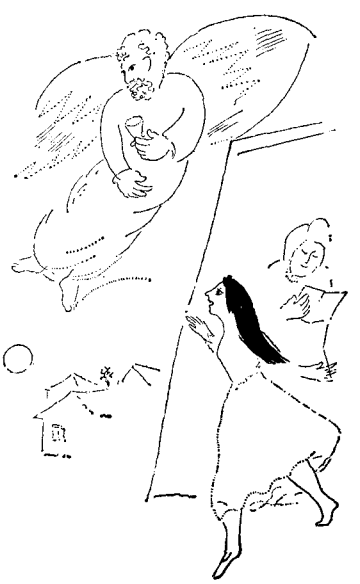
Among German dramatists none has achieved such acclaim in this country as has Bertolt Brecht. A new volume in Prentice-Hall's Twentieth Century Views series is **"Brecht"** ($1.95), edited by Peter Demez, in which leading critics appraise him as dramatist, poet, and rebel. Brecht of course is a leading player in H. F. Garten's **"Modern German Drama"** (Evergreen, $2.45), which gives historical background as well as keen attention to major dramatists from Hauptmann to Durrenmatt.

Stanislavsky still remains the magic name in the theatre. **"Stanislavsky on the Art of the Stage"** (Dramabook, $1.65), translated by David Magarshack, who has also written a lengthy interpretative introduction, offers the lectures which the master gave in 1918-1922 at Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre. Sonia Moore presents a short cut in **"The Stanislavski Method"** (Compass, 95¢), which gives the highlights of his theatrical theories.

For the general reader, George Oppenheimer's **"The Passionate Playgoer"** (Compass, $1.95) is a thoroughly enjoyable collection of articles about the theatre written by directors, producers, actors, and others interested in the theatre, including Dorothy Parker, Elia Kazan, and Robert Benchley

A HAPPY COLLABORATION between painter Marc Chagall and his wife Bella resulted in a charming little book, **"Burning Lights"** (Schocken Books, $1.75), which recalls the Russian market town of Vitebsk where they were children together. After their marriage in 1915, the Chagalls lived in France where Bella wrote the reminiscences of her girlhood. Chagall's thirty-six pen-and-ink illustrations capture that special quality of fantasy blended with truth.





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On Either Side of Violence

"The Long Shadow of Little Rock: A Memoir," by Daisy Bates *(McKay. 234 pp. $4.75), and* ***"The Desegregated Heart," by Sarah Patton Boyle*** *(Morrow. 364 pp. $5), are the personal reports of two Southern women, one white and one Negro, on their stand on civil liberties and its consequences. John Howard Griffin is the author of "Black Like Me."*

By JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

TWO DISTINGUISHED women have added memoirs to the meager literature of the "Southern Experience" as it applies to our days. Both took stands for civil rights and both were devastated, not only by racist reprisals but, and more bitterly, by the equivocations of community leaders on whom they had counted for support.

Sarah Patton Boyle, scion of a Virginia family of venerable lineage, daughter of an eminent clergyman, grew up, like most of us in the South, unaware that the smiling yes-yes Negro (any other kind was not tolerated) for whom we felt such love had his secret life of bitter resentments. Under rigid segregation the lack of true communication between Negroes and whites sustained us in one of the master illusions of history—that our "System" was for the good of those whom it suppressed. Recognition of the hard truth—that we have defrauded a group of our citizens of rights that we consider sacrosanct for ourselves—came as a deep shock to Mrs. Boyle. It forced her to look into a quagmire where generations of broken and deprived lives revealed the extent of our error. "I saw a world in which the entire fabric of the white Southerner's thinking about Negroes, even down to his cherished tenderness, is all wrong," Mrs. Boyle writes. "In my own viscera I became sick at these injustices of which I had known nothing at all."

But though she was sickened by her discoveries, Mrs. Boyle believed that "people of quality" did not waste time toying with their guilts. She had faith in "golden man" and was certain that once he perceived the wrongs he had committed against his neighbor, he would act immediately to rectify them.

In 1950 Gregory Swanson, a Negro, applied for admission to the University of Virginia. Mrs. Boyle investigated the mood of her fellow citizens. To her delight, the majority individually showed a willingness to accept Gregory Swanson into the university founded by Thomas Jefferson; but each was certain he was the exception and that the rest of the community were prejudiced. Mrs. Boyle's fears that an ugly situation might arise began to dissolve. She felt that the world, and all those well-disposed individuals who considered themselves alone, should know that the majority favored desegregation of graduate schools; that Virginia would not stand in the way of any man's education.

She presented her facts in a national magazine. At first her friends praised her; but the deluge of hate soon overwhelmed her and she saw her friends drop away. Racists indulged in the most vicious character assassination, until she became one of the South's untouchables. Golden man, with the battle for justice almost won, crayfished back into silence, leaving the field to the rabble-rousers.

This was the crushing disillusion for Mrs. Boyle. The "good whites"—civic officials, educators, ministers, business and professional leaders, men and women who had expressed strong and enlightened convictions to her in private—did not find the courage to stand beside her when the mob went for her. The newspapers blew with the prevailing wind. Mrs. Boyle writes movingly about the "aloneness" that comes to those who speak for justice in today's South. She makes cruelly clear what we white southerners have done to people like Lillian Smith and P.D. East, how we have lynched our prophets because they tried to help us understand our condition.

—*U P.I.*

White students and adults jeer at Elizabeth Eckford, one of the "Little Rock Nine," outside Central High School.

Mrs. Boyle started down this path of bitter discovery late in her life. She documents all her mistakes, her prejudices and misconceptions. They have a familiar ring to any southerner, for we can all identify with these experiences and follow the author in her growing perception of the true situation.

Mrs. Daisy Bates, like most Southern Negroes, set out early on the bitter path. As a child, even before she had learned that there was a "difference" between her and the white children of her community, she discovered that her mother had been raped and murdered by three white men. Unlike Mrs. Boyle, she had no illusions about "golden man"; her great problem was to overcome her burning hatred for the whites. She hated them not only for what they had done to her mother, but for what they did every day to her friends and relatives. Her masterful recreation of the Negro's side of the "Southern Experience" reveals the immensity of the Southern white's incomprehension of what discrimination actually means to its victims.

The major portion of Mrs. Bates's memoir describes another and more famous struggle for civil rights in education. In 1957 the courts ordered nine young Negro students to attend Central High School in Little Rock. It could have gone well, and in fact it was going well; but at the last moment Governor Faubus decided to defy America for the good of the mob. As a result, Mrs. Bates and her husband and nine unbelievably courageous children lived through a year of almost unrelieved terror and violence.

The two memoirs reveal similar patterns: the patterns of the crisis community where the voices of decency are seldom heard and where the shouts of the mobs present to the world an image of us that must shrivel us with shame.

Mrs. Bates concludes her chronicle with the desolating question: "How long, how long . . . ?"

And an Oxford, Mississippi, barber observes: "You would think the White House would at least have the dignity to send white troops."

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Cultural Exchange

Continued from page 20

and Mr. Zarubhin taking responsibility or the first, Ambassador Thompson and Mr. Zhukov for the second, and Ambassador Bohlen and Mr. Romanovsky for the third. The important point is that both sides must persist in seeking compromise. There are times when new negotiators may achieve that which the old ones failed to do.

As one who has argued for twenty years that a trickle of exchanges does only a trickle of good, I must report, unhappily, that everyone actively involved with Russian-American student exchanges agrees that, for the near future at least, such student exchanges must be numbered in the dozens, not in the thousands or even the hundreds. The United States today welcomes over 50,000 foreign students a year, but only one in 1500 is a Russian. "Gradualism" is the watchword of the Soviet-American negotiators. The Russians simply will not permit large numbers of their students to come here, our negotiators say; and American graduate students in large numbers will simply not go to Russia until the Soviets open to them the opportunity to study at their advanced research nstitutes.

There were thirty-six American students enrolled in Soviet universities for ademic 1961-2, as against fifty authorized under the exchange agreement, nd thirty-seven Soviet students in the J.S. Twenty of the American students were enrolled at the University of Moscow; nineteen for the humanities and one in mathematics. This proportion for the humanities surprises Ivan Petrovsky, rector of the University. He told me that the Soviet Union wished to send its advanced students to the United States to study the natural sciences. This of course we understand. From the U.S., the rector wants "very, very advanced' students to come to the Soviet Union. When I asked whether he would not like to increase the number of student exchanges, say to 500 students from each country, he replied that there were not 500 such "very advanced" students in the United States who want to come to Russia. He added, "Why send students to us to get training they can get at home?"

But Mr. Romanovsky and I agreed that if we didn't insist on Rector Petrovsky's "very, very advanced" criterion, many American students would ike to spend a year studying in the JSSR. Indeed, I came away with the feeling that Romanovsky disagreed with Rector Petrovsky that our American students need be "very advanced." Later Mrs. Benton and I lunched with Mme. Khrushcheva. I feel Mme. Khrushcheva also disagreed with the Rector. Romanovsky implied that he has been trying to have the exchange quota raised above fifty and that the American negotiators were holding it down on the excuse the students didn't want to come. Romanovsky said that the Soviet Union sent a list of sixty prospective students to the United States to be checked for admission. The United States sent only a list of thirty-six. Why was this? I told him that our administrators had been frustrated as had our students. For example, letters had not been answered. Our students in the USSR had been isolated and deprived.

The Soviet Union takes the position that its students should come to the United States with full exposure to American university laboratories and libraries, where most of the theoretical research in the U.S. goes forward, and with access to meetings of learned societies to which any student is admitted. We agree. By contrast, the American students in the Soviet Union find themselves limited to the facilities of the Soviet universities, which are primarily institutions for training teachers. They are deprived of access to Soviet advanced research—including humanistic, social and historical research—which is largely the province of the institutes maintained by the Soviet Academy of Science.

Agreement was reached for exchanges between the Soviet and our own National Academy of Science and its humanistic equivalent, the American Council of Learned Societies. Thus some of our topmost scholars may have access to the Soviet research institutes. But our topmost graduate students are excluded from the institutes, while Soviet graduate students have access to our university research centers, which

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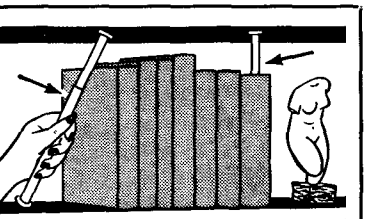

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are roughly equivalent to the Soviet institutes.

The exclusion of our American students from exposure to the creative scientists and laboratories in the Soviet research institutes prevails in economics, law, and literature as well as in the natural sciences. When Rector Petrovsky calls for "very advanced" American students, he must surely realize that the Soviet universities do not have the facilities to accommodate them at the American university level. Further, our students in the Soviet Union are systematically restricted. Requests for access to doctoral theses on file in the Lenin Library have often been denied in the last two years. Last year, for example, a Soviet faculty adviser suggested that one of his American post-doctoral students peruse thirty-five dissertations. After great difficulty, he was permitted to see only five.

There is a more flagrant example, this one involving no issue of "national security." An American student named George Siegel—now an assistant professor at Harvard—recently spent a year at Moscow University trying unsuccessfully to gain admission to the Gorky Institute of World Literature. He was confined to the University. This was not what he wanted or anticipated.

American students have generally been restricted to Moscow and Leningrad. Permission to travel from one of these cities to the other is normally denied or confined to a very few days—and this after an inordinate delay in responding to the request. Also denied have been requests for permission to travel to such historical centers as Novgorod or Suzdal.

In the United States, by contrast, Soviet students are treated fundamentally as are American students. They have ready access to our laboratories, libraries and archival collections—to what is being taught and to the research in progress. They are allowed to travel throughout the United States. These freedoms are in keeping with the American tradition.

NEVERTHELESS despite the conflicts, the Soviet-American cultural exchange program grows in importance. In my judgment every effort should be stepped up to advance it and at all levels and at an accelerating intensity. The most hopeful aspect is that more and more influential people on each side are learning—even though painfully slowly—better to understand the other side. There are people in the Soviet Union to whom distortion of American life is as distasteful as distortion of Soviet life is to many Americans. We must encourage the growth of this Soviet group. The most promising chance is the exchange program. During the past four-year period, 3797 Americans have gone to the Soviet Union on 302 exchange projects, and only slightly fewer Soviet citizens have come on exchanges to the U.S. Let us vigorously promote an expansion of this interchange.

Perhaps the easiest first step is to begin at the undergraduate level by giving exchange students a year to perfect their Russian or English.

More significantly, I'd like to see renewed efforts to exchange books, motion pictures (particularly "informational" pictures), newspapers, magazines and broadcasts. Mr. Pierre Salinger has an excellent proposal for joint broadcasts by our President and Premier Khrushchev.

Further, I hope that President Kennedy will invite prominent Americans to study the interchange problem by visits to Russia, and to report to him—not as negotiators but with the cooperation of the State Department. Ideally, these prominent persons should be men or women who will help keep the problem and potentialities in perspective and who will help educate American and Soviet opinion.

The State Department's Soviet and East European Exchange Staff would like to double its present ten-man team. Is this not a good investment if we are properly to look after Soviet visitors here and to brief Americans going to Russia?

ON the cultural exchange front, who is winning? Is this indeed the right question? If it is, it cannot be judged on the short run. It can't be decided by Benny Goodman versus the Bolshoi, by the dollars earned, by the precise number of students exchanged, or even by the scientific data absorbed or stolen by one protagonist from the other. This is a contest for all mankind. If both sides fail to win, if this two-way contest does not pay off with two winners, then all mankind will be the loser.

There is indeed a "cultural cold war" between the United States and the Soviet Union. And I suggest that each side is winning. If we keep at it, each side will continue to win. I happen to think that the real and immediate enemy of the peoples of both nations is the Iron Curtain of misunderstanding. Lifting that curtain, slow and tiresome though the process may be, may be the best hope of each for avoiding total destruction. Measured against that goal, even though the U.S. must be firm and insist on concessions in the exchange agreement negotiations, the jockeying seems fundamentally trivial; the goal itself must be kept paramount.

Fine Arts

Continued from page 30

works by Rembrandt, Leonardo, Raphael, Mantegna, Bruegel, Rubens, Durer, and Holbein. Closes November 25.

Chinese Calligraphy and Painting in the Collection of John M. Crawford at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. An extraordinary private collection features Chinese scrolls from the tenth to the eighteenth centuries. The exhibition is accompanied by a superb publication, a 306-page catalogue magnificently illustrated and edited by Laurence Sickman. Closes November 24.

Treasures of Versailles at the Art Institute of Chicago. Paintings, sculpture, tapestries, and furniture cover 300 years of French history.

Color in Prints at the Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. A loan exhibition of European and American color prints surveys the field from the year 1500 until today.

M. and M. Karolik Collection at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The exhibition focuses on American watercolors and drawings from 1800 to 1875.

Found: A Slip of Almost White Paper

By Jeannette Nichols

IF we had lemon juice
this white paper
would be mysterious
but there are no
lemons growing
in our garden.

The ink
remains
invisible,
the message
in tremendous
code
white on white
paper.

Somewhere
someone is keeping
secrets.

Tomorrow
we will plant
lemon trees

just in case.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Carlisle Floyd on the Blue and the Gray

ANY COMPOSER with so good a first opera as Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah" to his credit sounds a summons to attention when he produces another. As successor to his not too successful treatment of "Wuthering Heights" the City Center is now showing "The Passion of Jonathan Wade" (financed by a Ford Foundation grant) in which Floyd has returned to the South he knows well and for which he has so communicable a feeling.

But if the preceding chronology suggests that this is the third of his operas, what the public is actually seeing are the third and fourth: one interesting opera of emotions, one less interesting opera of ideas. They go on alternately through the evening and, to my taste, non-companionably. For this, composer Floyd has only librettist Floyd to blame (in the manner of some illustrious predecessors and the contemporary Menotti, Floyd does both).

For his time and place, Floyd has chosen Columbia, South Carolina, in the immediate period of occupation after the Uncivil War. For his people, Floyd has been chosen (as must be the case with any creator who really seeks an identity with his characters) by a Northern colonel, Suh, of the very best intentions and a fair flower of the South of the very best breeding. In the all too familiar operatic manner, Celia Townsend (Phyllis Curtin) hates Jonathan Wade (Theodor Uppman) from the first moment she sees him: and it will hardly surprise connoisseurs of the obvious that the marriage ceremony takes place midway in Act II. Whether this should have been the culmination of the opera, rather than an incident, it was of course, Floyd's choice to make: and he has chosen to make them allies in understanding each other's point of view even to falling in love. This enables Floyd to work the gifts of song, speech, and sense of word values which made his characters in "Susannah" absorbing, to ends assisted by the physical suitability of Uppman and Miss Curtin to their roles.

But it is also Floyd's purpose to depict Wade as a man pressed between the extremists of the South, who begrudge the freed slave any portion of privilege, and the extremists of the North, who seek to exploit that privilege to the utmost for political advantage; and here is where the interesting opera of emotions becomes entangled with the inept opera of ideas, posing as much of a problem for the composer as the librettist invented for his hero.

Undoubtedly there were such victims of the extremists of the Left and the Right, and probably one of them married a Southern girl who thereby became anathema to her family and friends. And possibly the man was persecuted to the breaking point of fleeing his job (under Northern pressure) only to be shot down by Ku Kluxers (expressing traditional Southern courtesy). But the problem of making this operatically convincing calls for a good deal more dramatic skill and musical resource than Floyd commands.

Rather than depicting the involutions of the sub-plot by the indirect method of allusion, soliloquy, and conversational description (on-stage) of incidents off-stage, Floyd has chosen to move his narrative by "episodes" between the longer scenes. These peripheral activities are threaded through the main narrative as sketches "in one" (before a scrim), a method reminiscent of such a musical as "South Pacific." In addition to distracting attention from his principals, this technique is constantly lowering the emotional temperature from the warm life-and-blood characters of Wade and Celia to the non-dimensional impersonalities of the bully-boy leader of the "Rebs," the cardboard moralist from New England, and his schoolmarm wife. And there are stage "darkies," stage "carpetbaggers," Negroes in silk hats depicting senators "on the take," and, of course, the dignified Negro from the North who appears on the scene to relieve Judge Townsend (Celia's father) of his position on the bench.

There could be no possible complaint about Floyd's method if the music made it work. But his real, if restricted, gift is for the expression of emotion rather than the illumination of idea. The text gets wordy ("Insubordination!" thrice repeated is the climax of the northern extremist's announcement to the audience, ariawise, of how he will drive Wade from Columbia) and the music descends to melodrama that lets us, and the action, down.

When Floyd is following his own natural bent, there is a good deal of charming music in the pseudo-spirituals of the Negroes, in the love music of Wade and Celia, and especially in the wedding scene. This is graced by a kind of ceremony-in-spiritual delightfully sung by Miriam Burton, a family-retainer type. But then we get back to the "needs of the Radical party" and the illusion departs.

MANY of the values in the simple but effective production staged by Allen Fletcher against cutouts and flats designed by Will Steven Armstrong are ingenious and some of the devices, such as an equivalent of the movie "dissolve" to get from the scenes "in one" to the full stage, are genuinely creative. But Floyd has burdened himself with a cumbersome way of dealing with a complicated problem. After all, where would "Otello" be if Boito had required Verdi to pursue a similar course with Iago's baiting of the Moor?

Both Uppman and Miss Curtin were logical choices for their roles, and mostly successful singing actors. The demands of the writing for Celia sometimes pushed Miss Curtin's tones to shrillness, and she sometimes talked Southern while singing Northern, but it was an appealing picture she presented. Uppman had no such problem of dialect, which made all his impulses worthy ones. Quite the most expert of the principals was Norman Treigle, whose Judge Townsend was beautifully elaborated, up to the point where Floyd lost the touch of character. Likewise, Frank Porretta as the uncompromisingly rebellious "Reb" and Norman Kelley as his Northern counterpart were as good as their parts permitted them to be. Andrew Frierson was excellent in his brief role of the Negro judge, and Julius Rudel proved his devotion to Floyd with an impressive work of organization against cruel limitations of time and stage facilities.

My conclusion is that Floyd is conducting a search for identity which has led him into a kind of musical Everglades. What he needs is the vantage point of perspective from which one can chart the way out of such dilemmas, artistic as well as geographic.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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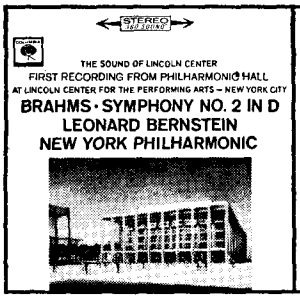
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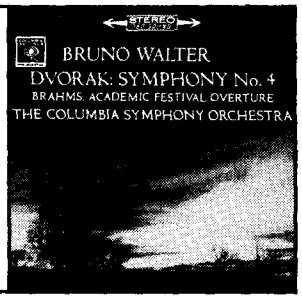

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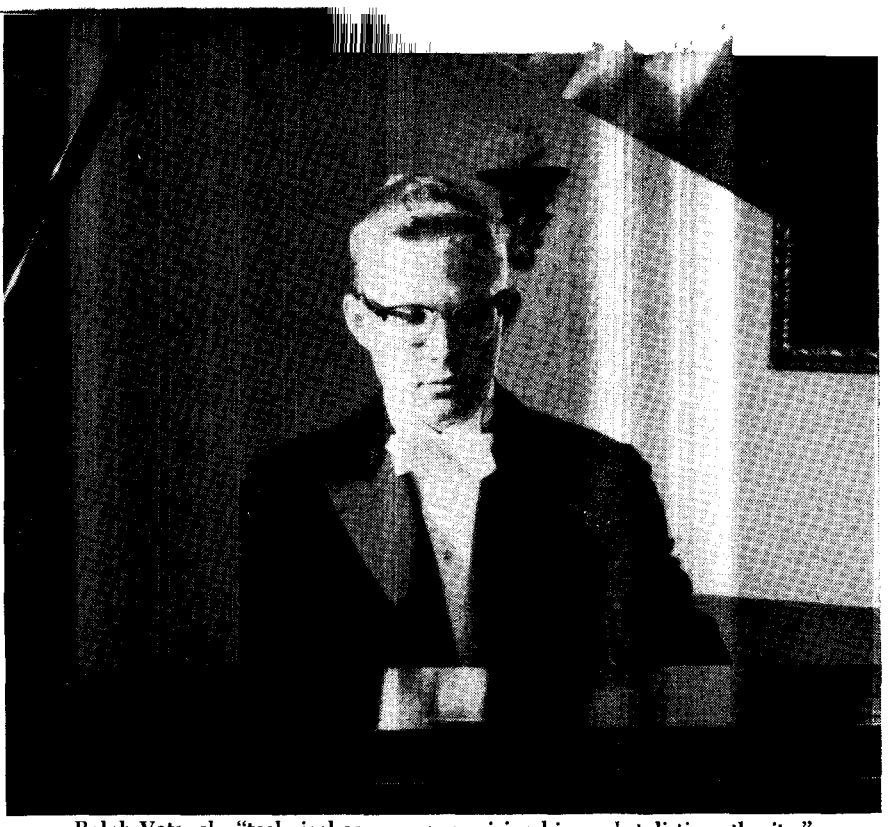

Ralph Votapek—"technical assurance, musicianship, and stylistic authority."

THE VAN CLIBURN CONTEST

By PAUL HUME

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

FORT WORTH'S leading hotel, the Texas, carries on its marquee the line, "Where the West Begins." Citizens of the city affectionately refer to it as "Cowtown" but they do so with a justifiable pride that its stock yards have, within the past generation, been bulwarked by a growing appreciation for the arts.

The two weeks during which the Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition recently took over a large part of Fort Worth's time and attention provided one eye-opener after another for the forty-six pianists, ten jurors, and other observers visiting the city. The line, often seen in books describing famous paintings, "from the private collection of . . ." took on heightened meaning as we walked through the Kay Kimbell home whose walls hold marvels such as Franz Hals's "The Rommel-Pot Player," and his "Laughing Boy with Flute," superlative Rembrandts, Rubenses, and Goyas, Gainsboroughs, Romneys, Corots and Bouchers, beautiful child portraits by Greuze, and El Greco's "St. John."

Another home, that of the Robert Windfohrs, has a staggering collection of Chagall, Picasso, Matisse, Dove and Marin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Utrillo, and Klee.

The vigorous Texas city is also the home of Texas Christian University, in whose Ed Landreth Auditorium all twelve sessions of the Cliburn Competition, plus the closing recital by its top winner, were presented. Dr. Frank Hughes, dean of TCU's School of Fine Arts, turned over the facilities of the building, complete with artists' room, specially prepared press room, and 1200-seat auditorium. Representing his university, which was one of the four groups sponsoring the competition, Dean Hughes was constantly on the alert to offer every useful assistance.

It was just after midnight on the morning of Sunday, October 7, two hours after TCU's Horned Frogs had gone down in defeat before the University of Arkansas's Razorbacks in the football stadium four blocks from Landreth Auditorium, that Leopold Mannes, chairman of the ten-man jury, read out the name of Ralph Votapek as winner of the $10,000 prize that is only part of the reward to which the top man in this Texas-sized competition is heir. Votapek, who had spent the evening at the football game, where he saw Cliburn made an honorary member of the TCU marching band, seemed genuinely surprised at the verdict. His victory was not, however, a surprise to many musicians in the audiences and to the other contestants.

It had been a grueling competition, operating on the highest standards from its first announcements through every aspect of its two weeks of preliminaries, semi-finals, and finals.

Aimed at encouraging "world-wide interest in artistic piano playing and further to foster more friendly relations among the nations," it drew contestants from seventeen countries. It was the first international musical competition held in this country to which the Soviet Union sent entries. In addition to this, one of the ten jurors, who were from six countries, was the distinguished Russian pianist and teacher Lev Oborin. The other jurors came from Japan, England, Brazil, Mexico, and the United States.

At one time over a hundred contestants had signed up for the contest. Dropouts came as the arduous demands of the repertoire became plain, with the largest number occurring immediately after each entrant received his copy of Lee Hoiby's "Capriccio on Five Notes." This work, commissioned especially for the Cliburn Competition, was

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required of every performer and while highly pianistic and not unduly difficult, it discouraged a number from traveling to Fort Worth, even though Nieman-Marcus of Dallas offered a special prize, a $500 gold wrist watch for its best performance. This, incidentally, was the only evidence before, during, or after the competition that anyone in Dallas even knew that Fort Worth existed. The Dallas press ignored the contest to a degree that surpasses most records for provincialism.

The members of the jury included five pianists actively engaged in the concert world: Lili Kraus, Yara Burnette, Jorge Bolet, Leonard Pennario, and Oborin. The other five are intimately associated with various aspects of music: Luis Herrera de la Fuente, conductor of the National Symphony of Mexico, Rudolph Ganz, Leopold Mannes, Angelo Eagon, music advisor to the USIA, and Motonari Iguchi, head of Tokyo's Toho School of Music.

Twenty-five men and twenty-one women journeyed to play in Fort Worth. They ranged in age from the contest's lower limit of eighteen—Hiroko Nakamura who won ninth place prize of $500—to its upper edge of twenty-seven—Sergio Varella Cid of Portugal, and Russia's Mikhail Voskresenski, who captured the third prize of $2000.

The judges were unanimous in several opinions of considerable interest. First of all, they agreed that where contestants failed to measure up to expected standards, they did so in playing Beethoven sonatas and in the music of Chopin. Interestingly enough, no Beethoven was required until the finals. But among the works required in the preliminaries, the contestants could choose any Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven sonata. All but seven chose one of the larger Beethoven sonatas, and in so doing, most of them exposed what the judges labeled as a youthful inability or failure to understand the essential character of the music.

The other area in which the judges found many of the pianists lacking was that of chamber music. The Cliburn Competition, for the first time among the major contests, required each competitor to play either the F Minor Quintet or the B Major Trio of Brahms, assisted by the quartet in residence at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Some of the pianists admitted after the contest that it was their very first performance of any chamber music.

ALL in all, however, the Cliburn contest proved its worth in the caliber not only of its first-place winner, but in the quality of many who participated, and especially the promise for the future of several of them. It was the consensus of opinion that second place winner—$5000—Nikolai Petrov has a phenomenal, indeed flamboyant technique of prodigious scope. At nineteen he seems likely to become one of the major European pianists within the next few years. Voskresenski at twenty-seven is mature, highly poetic, and about through with competitions. He builds up so great a store of nervous tension that he is not at his best under the strain of two weeks' intensive rivalry. Those who have heard him in recital say he provides endless satisfaction in extremely musical ways.

Cécile Ousset, France's glamorous entrant, has certain qualities characteristic of other French pianists. Her superb facility and control are admirable but the cool temperature of most of her playing prevents sustained interest. She was a sound choice for the fourth prize of $1000.

Early promise in the competition, which many jurors thought remained unfulfilled in later sessions, was displayed by Arthur Fennimore, twenty, a former Serkin pupil. There were, however, many among the audience and visiting musicians who felt that his playing was eminently musical, his chamber music superb, and his future as bright as that of any in the competition. Fennimore won the Nieman-Marcus watch and the seventh-place prize of $500. He, Varella Cid, and Japan's Hironaka, were the three whom the judges rated high enough to stretch the stipulated number for the finals from six to nine.

All three of Japan's entrants placed in the semi-finals, as did all four Soviet Union contestants. Two from Japan and two from the Soviet Union went into the finals. Quite clearly Japan has placed itself among the leading countries in point of turning out well-disciplined, musicianly artists. Miss Hiroko Nakamura, remembered for her lovely playing of the Chopin E Minor Concerto with the Tokyo Philharmonic several seasons back, divided with winner Votapek the Cliburn prize of $600 for the best performance of chamber music. Making an unforgettable picture picture in a white kimono overlaic with flowers of blue and red, bound by a great, gold obi, Miss Nakamura might have placed higher than ninth had a sudden illness not kept her from finishing the finals.

It was Ralph Votapek, however, who, alone among the nine finalists, consistently combined that balance of technical assurance, musicianship, and

(*Continued on page* 61)

Nikolai Petrov — Mikhail Voskresenski — Cecile Ousset — Arthur C. Fennimore

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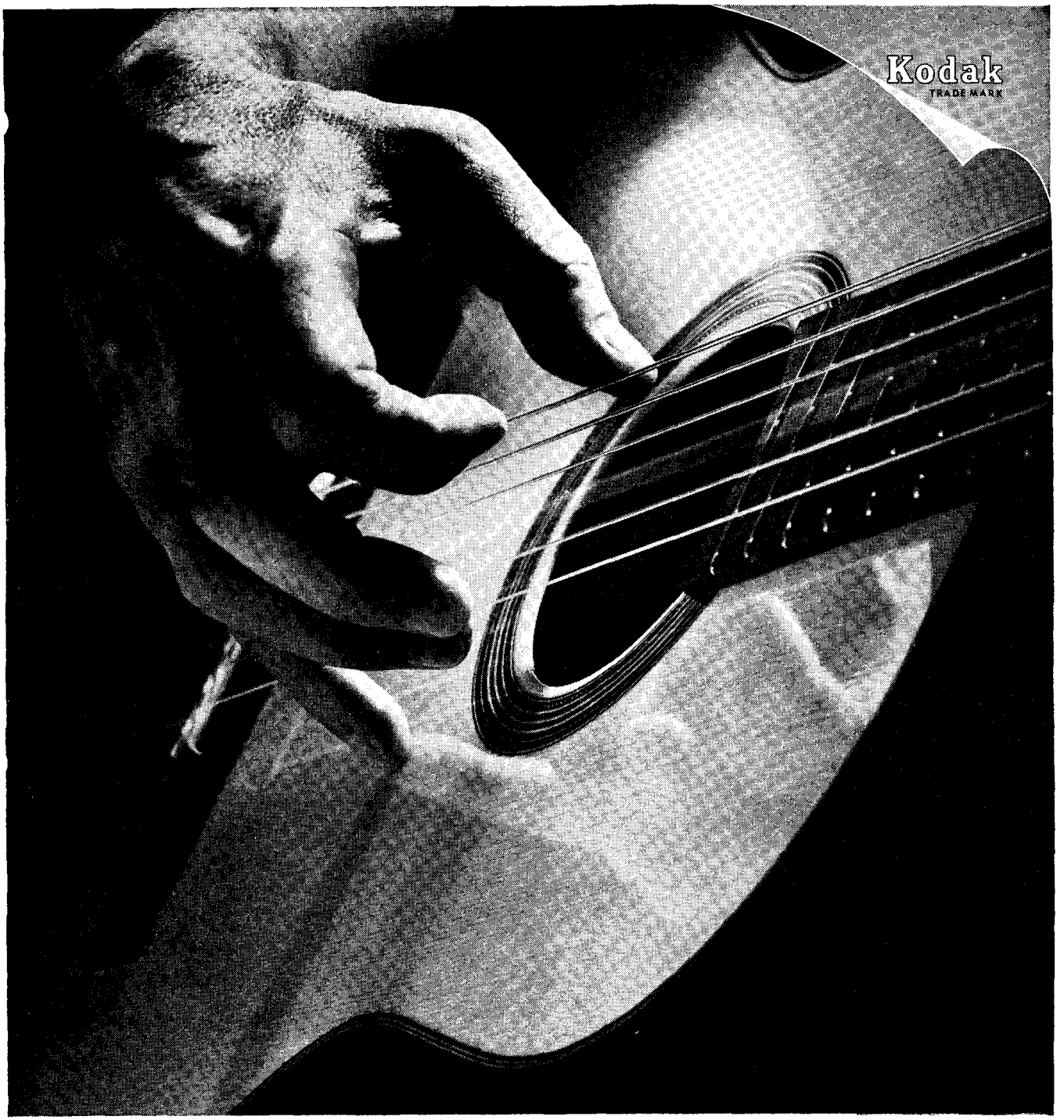

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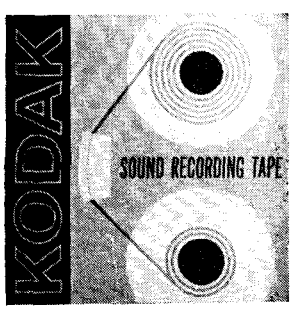

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"Walküre" First to Last

THERE is so much that is new and absorbing in the first uncut Wagner opera recording to be sponsored by an American record maker, that some problem of approach besets an appraisal of RCA Victor's "Walküre," recorded in toto, first to last, on five twelve-inch LPs (LDS 6706, $30.98), or three tape reels, if it is preferred in that form (4T FTC 9500, $32.95). George London's Wotan, Rita Gorr's Fricka, David Ward's Hunding, Gré Brouwenstijn's Sieglinde — these are all among the new and absorbing, to take an equal place with the established, values of Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde, Jon Vickers's Siegmund, and Erich Leinsdorf's conducting of the whole.

But the only valid approach is, after all, to the whole—for what avail one, two, or three brilliantly played parts in such a musical marathon if some important others are disappointing? Or what avails impressive musical acthority at the helm if members of the crew are rocking the boat? So, to borrow a precept from Carroll, verdict first, evidence afterward: this is one of the finest opera recordings in years, and a second leg on what one hopes will eventually be a complete Ring, with (let us hope) Nilsson and London at least continuing on.

It is a temptation to gravitate to the unfamiliar performers and say, simply, "More of the same" for the familiar ones. However, that would be patently unfair to Miss Nilsson who is, after all else has been done and sung, the focal character with Wotan in the sumptuous musical climax of Act III. To my ear, she sounds not only different but better in this recording than in any prior one: singing more, pressing less, relying on flow of tone rather than stress of projection. My inclination is to attribute this to Leinsdorf, who also knew how to exploit Nilsson's forte (literally) when they did "Turandot" together. In any case, it makes for a beautiful experience, especially in such phrases as "Der diese Liebe mir in's Herz gehaucht" which may not, quite, turn the heart to water but are equal to Brünnhilde's objectives of converting Wotan from scorn to compassion.

As her partner in this dialogue, London is no less than extraordinary, considering that his history of singing the "Walküre" Wotan publicly has not yet begun Some may favor a freer-flowing, broader sound than London's (I am, of course, thinking of a Schorr or a Berglund) but he makes his the instrument of an imposing dramatic conception in which the many aspects of Wotan's character—determination and vacillation, devotion and disaffection, godliness and humanity—all have a part. And when the opportunity presents itself for the objective to be reached by song alone, in the "Farewell," London has the command of nuance to do it.

This is a high standard for others to match, but there is no faltering in any part. Vickers is perhaps the least consistent, only because of those peculiarities of vocal production which once seemed a passing phase of his development, but now have apparently hardened into habit—odd formation of some German vowels, a portamento into a difficult interval, a certain awkwardness of phraseology. But he is altogether a superior Siegmund, who suggests the vigorous outdoor character he is supposed to be, and rises to his best vocal effort in the moment of greatest stress: the response to Brünnhilde's appearance in Act II announcing his imminent doom.

Most gratifying among the unfamiliar performers is Rita Gorr, if only because she is about to begin a Metropolitan career in a mezzo category which has not been too well served there in recent years. To judge from this Fricka, she has not only the voice but also the schooling and the intelligence to return such a role to the prior plane of a Thorborg or Branzell. The Sieglinde of Brouwenstijn is equally rewarding, though in an inverse way. An experienced artist and an admired one in a range of roles from Leonora in "Fidelio" to Jenufa, one had not supposed that she retained so much of command and fine shading to manage the intimate, lyric detail of Sieglinde. But manage she does, with bold style and aural appeal. Finally, Ward (an English basso) is a first-class Hunding, menacing without the grumpiness that sometimes besets German bassos.

As for Leinsdorf, he is in complete control from first to last of a project that leaves nothing unperformed in the nearly four-hour score. I don't find his first act as lyrically exalted as it can be, but he has a fine sense of the grand plan of this score, of its waves of emphasis, a feeling for the trough as well as the crest. The best thing to be said for the recording is that there is not much to be said against it: such good judgment has been exercised in blending voices and orchestra that neither one nor the other is unduly favored. The "Ride" is a bit over-microphoned in order to produce an aural shock wave from the thirteen horns, but I can ride that out in view of the quality of the London Symphony's strings in the music to come (in Act III).

The splendid tape, incidentally, provides one reel per act, meaning only a single break in each curtain-to-curtain sequence. The five disks vary from two interruptions in Acts I and III to three in Act II. The handsome seventy-two page brochure designed by Hy Klebanow contains a line by line translation of the text and an extensive "Walküre" chronology by Martin Bernheimer as well as a detailed synopsis of the work.

—I.K.

"Ride of the Valkyries"—"an aural shock wave from the thirteen horns."

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A Fresh Look at Verdi

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

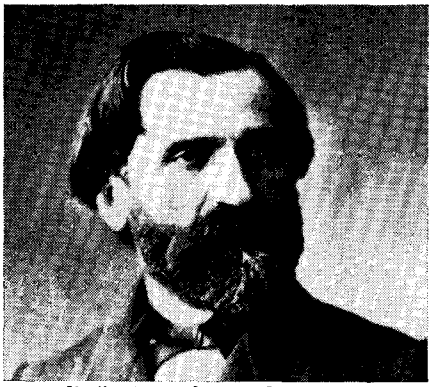
IN FEBRUARY 1962, an employee of the British General Post Office Cable and Wireless Service died at Tring, in Hertfordshire. During a maturity of which a large portion was devoted to earning a living, this man, Frank Walker, nonetheless had found the urge, the energy, and the hours to write a superb, ground-clearing biography of Hugo Wolf (1951), to contribute excellent articles to "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (5th edition, 1954), to revise Alfred Loewenberg's "Annals of Opera" and Edward J. Dent's "Alessandro Scarlatti," and to write periodical pieces invaluable as scrupulous correctives to the compounded misinformation that runs like a vein of decay through musical biography. Mr. Walker's ruling interest, however, long had been the life of Giuseppe Verdi. And now, posthumously, we have his fact-packed final book, "The Man Verdi" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, $10.75). It is a marvel.

Although a long book, "The Man Verdi" is not a formal biography. Seen in one light, it might be called gossip raised to a fine art—gossip used as a technique of construction and having no truck with malice. What Mr. Walker does, in nine fascinating chapters, is to take periods of Verdi's life or crucial incidents in that life and hunt down relentlessly the hundreds of mistakes, misstatements, and falsifications that have snaked through every biography of Verdi ever published in any language. The books whose damaging misconstructions (some understandable and venial, others malicious and obfuscatory) he attacks with his lancet include not only Carlo Gatti's "Verdi" (1931; revised edition, 1951) and Francis Toye's otherwise valuable "Giuseppe Verdi: His Life and Work" (1931), but also—and most salutarily—the four-volume, 3,180-page "Giuseppe Verdi" by Franco Abbiati, published as recently as 1959, which contains huge patches of imaginative prose.

Mr. Walker's book is not a full-dress biography of Verdi, nor can all the essential data on Verdi's life be found in it. What he says, in effect, is that here are the exact facts or the best-documented suppositions; that almost none of the statements about Verdi's private life from his birth to his death eighty-seven years later appearing in even the most scrupulous books is to be accepted without question; that many of those statements were made incorrectly in the earliest books about Verdi, and have been parroted unquestioningly ever since; and that when the accurate facts are determined, they substantially alter our picture of Verdi as a human being. "The Man Verdi" is not a book about music, and it contains no criticism or evaluation of Verdi's works.

In Chapter I ("Early Life at Busseto and Milan: Legends and Documents"), Mr. Walker stringently remakes the narrative of Verdi's origins, birth, early education, relations with his first wife and father-in-law, and attitudes toward the people with whom he was in closest contact during his childhood and early adult years. In Chapter II ("Bartolomeo Merelli, Giuseppina Strepponi and Napoleone Moriani"), he puts flesh on stray hints read earlier that Strepponi, Verdi's mistress and then second wife, had had an illegitimate child by the impresario Merelli when a young soprano in his employ. He shows that she had had not one child, but two, and that their father certainly was not Merelli and almost certainly was the tenor Moriani.

In Chapter III ("Donizetti, Verdi, and Giuseppina Appiani") Mr. Walker shows that the Milanese bluestocking whom biographers have pictured as first Donizetti's mistress and then Verdi's was (a) considerably older than such writers had stated and (b) in all likelihood a faithful wife who became a warm friend and nothing else to both Donizetti and Verdi—and that, in any case, writers all along have been confusing her with Cristina Appiani, an altogether different woman considerably her junior. In Chapter IV ("Muzio's Verdi: Milan Before the Revolution"), Mr. Walker clarifies the relations of Verdi with Emanuele Muzio, who became first his pupil and then, for a time, his man of all work. This clarification, it must be said, results in a picture not nearly so creditable to Verdi as the certainly out-of-focus daguerreotypes previously presented. In Chapters V and VI ("Verdi and Giuseppina Strepponi" and "Giuseppina at her Writing-desk"), Mr. Walker further revises the portrait of Strepponi, and shows that biographers have been wrong consistently about the date of her marriage to Verdi.



Verdi—"stringently remakes narrative."

The most devastating chapters in "The Man Verdi" follow—No. VII ("The Breach with Mariani") and VIII ("Verdi, Giuseppina and Teresa Stolz"). Angelo Mariani was a conductor closely connected with Verdi who became one of the first practicing Italian Wagnerians. Both Verdi and Strepponi broke off all relations with him, but not—as previously had been supposed—because of his Wagnerism. Teresa Stolz, long known to have been Mariani's mistress, always was supposed to have played some part in this complex of relations, it having been hinted earlier that Verdi, having fallen in love with her, turned against Mariani because of a lover's jealousy. Mr. Walker's researches convey all the heart-in-the-mouth excitement of superb detection; they entirely remake the pictures of Mariani and Stolz—and add new touches to those of Verdi and Strepponi. The streak of blind obstinacy in Verdi, often excused him on the doubtful basis of his "peasant background," here is shown to have led him into wholly unforgivable cruelties both to a friend dying of cancer and to his own long-suffering wife.

The final chapter, "Boito and Verdi," though interesting, proves less fruitful than the rest. It exudes a weary tone suggesting that here Mr. Walker's energies may have begun to fail. Nor does this book have as a whole the literary polish of his "Hugo Wolf." He probably would have polished it further if death had not intervened. But let no one ignore this book who is bent upon getting close to the realities of Giuseppe Verdi, Giuseppina Strepponi, and the group of fascinating people against whose lives theirs brushed. From now on, writing about Verdi without consulting this book will be an act of irresponsibility. On the general ground of a brilliant demonstration of how to find source materials and then use them correctly "The Man Verdi" is worthy to stand beside that other great detective story, Ernest Newman's "Fact and Fiction about Wagner." The pity is that, unlike Newman, Mr. Walker did not live to write other books about Verdi, culminating in a definitive biography.

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Recordings in Review

Rosalind Elias (with Munch)—"a sound of almost ideal quality."

Reprise for "Romeo"

BERLIOZ: *"Romeo and Juliet." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Rosalind Elias, Cesare Valletti, and Giorgio Tozzi.* RCA Victor LDS 6098, $12.98; 4T FTC 7003, $14.95.

It is a rare conductor who has the opportunity, twice, to deal with a work of this magnitude "for the record." And though Munch's "Romeo" was one of his proudest accomplishments from the time it was issued in 1953, he has even more reason to pride himself on this reprise. Even beyond the mechanical improvements to be expected in the time that has elapsed between them, the second is superior to the first in almost every musical way.

A good deal of the credit for this belongs to the excellent choice of soloists to perform the satisfying music Berlioz allotted to them. Margaret Roggero did very well in the mezzo's solo of the earlier version, but Rosalind Elias has a sound of almost ideal quality for the moody, evocative "Premiers transports que nul n'oublie" and she uses it to telling effect. And both Cesare Valletti and Giorgio Tozzi have something to offer beyond what was heard from Leslie Chabay and Yi-Kwei Sze in the predecessor product.

Of course, the more that can be heard of Berlioz's subtly adjusted score, the more one can appreciate the miracle of its creation in 1839. And in both the record and (even more) the tape, the play of sonority arranged under the supervision of Richard Mohr has the fidelity and balance to represent what Munch makes of Berlioz's nuance and finesse without distortion or coarseness. I refer as much to the fine values of "Roméo seul" or the "Queen Mab" scherzo as to the boisterous outbursts of the ball. The tape has the advantage of presenting the whole work with only a single break (after the love scene) rather than the three of the two-record set. The beautifully printed booklet (designed by Elton Robinson) is one of the best in the Soria series.

The Sound of which Lincoln Center?

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2 in D. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia MS 6374, $5.98.

One of the temptations which must be severely resisted in journalism is an impulse to report the news before it has happened. And when the recording science partakes of the conditions of journalism—as it has, more and more, in its on-the-spot reproductions of a given occasion—it should obey the rules of good reporting and abjure the temptations of the other kind.

As, for example, in this "First Recording from Philharmonic Hall," headlined on its "front page" as "The Sound of Lincoln Center." However, it is not only NOT the sound of Lincoln Center as it is today, but also NOT the sound of Lincoln Center on the occasion of its opening (which will, in due course, probably be available for comparison).

For this recording of the Brahms Second is a product of the tuning week in June, when a whole series of conditions different from those of today obtained. The permanent floor of the stage had not been installed: the overhead lighting was absent (together with the possible effect of their surfaces on sound absorption and sound reflection); and even the number of "clouds," or acoustical panels, was different from the total eventually employed.

Nevertheless, the issue is presented complete with a graph of reverberation time and frequencies, with the additional statement, "A more suitable environment for the Second Symphony cannot be imagined."

If, perchance, this were true—and what has happened to the criteria of the Musikvereinssaal in Vienna and the Academy of Music in Philadelphia?—who is to blame for the mushy inner voices, the weak bass, the emphasis on middle and upper range sound in this performance? Certainly this is not the sound of the same orchestra admired in the Copland repertory (on page 50). As a performance, it is standard for the orchestra and its conductor; as a recording it is substandard for either or both.

An Artistic "Zarathustra"

STRAUSS: *"Also Sprach Zarathustra." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony.* RCA Victor LSC 2609, $5.98; 4T FTC 2115, $8.95.

With all the talk roused recently by the appearance during Lincoln Center's opening week of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland orchestras, it is doubtful if the art of orchestral playing has been so well exemplified elsewhere in the last decade as in Chicago. This takes in something more than just the execution of notes with finesse and precision: it takes in also the adaptability of the orchestra to a variety of styles and idioms.

Perhaps those who have been hearing the orchestra regularly during that time have become accustomed to the splendor of its sound, the clarity with which, under Fritz Reiner's demanding leadership, it defines the most complicated tonal patterns. But for those not so fortunately situated, each new encounter with such a formidable challenge as this "Zarathustra" renews admiration for the high standard Reiner has achieved. As this does not hap-

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pen all at once but is cumulative, the later and last examples all add something to the revelations of the earlier ones.

The emphasis here on how something is being done rather than what is being done is self-explanatory—"Zarathustra" has never persuaded me of much beyond Strauss's ability to stir a powerful broth of orchestral sound. Reiner finds more substance in some of its transitional passages than most others do, but it is, even so, a mixture of pomposity and verbosity which wears out its welcome well before it takes its departure. However, if it was appropriate to say that Reiner's prior recording with this orchestra (on LM 1806) was "the performance of his life" it can only be added that eight years have added to the resources of that life, and the results are evident here. Even more to the point, eight years have given RCA's engineers a range of experience which qualifies them to produce, in this disk tape, one of the greatest recordings ever.

O-K- Brahms

BRAHMS: *Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with Otto Klemperer conducting the French National Radio Orchestra.* Angel S 35836, $5.98.

What happens, to vary an old joke, when a Russian violinist and a German conductor meet to play with a French orchestra? Well, if the violinist is David Oistrakh and the conductor is Otto Klemperer, what they produce in the Brahms concerto is one of the finest

(*Continued on page* 64)

Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts

MOZART: *Quintet in G minor. Jascha Heifetz and Israel Baker, violins, William Primrose and Virginia Majewski, violas, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello.* FRANCK: *Quintet in F minor. Same ensemble, with Majewski subtracted and Leonard Pennario, piano, added.* SCHUBERT: *Quintet in C. Heifetz, Baker, Primrose, and Piatigorsky, plus Gabor Rejto, cello.* BRAHMS: *Sextet in G. Prior ensemble, plus Majewski.* MENDELSSOHN: *Octet. The same, with Arnold Belnick and Joseph Stepansky, violins, added.* RCA Victor LDS 6159, $18.98.

RCA Victor has preserved a nice distinction in heading the handsome ochre box in which the three records of this set are contained: "The Heifetz-Piatigorsky concerts with Primrose, Pennario and guests" (even to the hyphen between the first two names and the comma between the others), with the repertory in much smaller letters at the bottom. For it is improbable that a person interested in merely the Mozart G minor quintet or the Mendelssohn octet could be lured, also, into buying the Franck piano quintet and two other works for purposes of possessing the one or two works he really wanted. Thus this is in the nature of an all-star cast predominating, in importance, over what they are performing.

". . . an all-star cast predominating, in importance, over what they are performing."

However, for those who might be tempted to deplore the necessity to buy three or four unwanted performances for one superlative one, the advice is "Don't." For after listening and relistening to the contents—not hard, considering the repertory—it is my considered judgment that the superlatives relate to the imposing Soria series container rather than what is contained. Very good, yes (as in the case of the Franck and Schubert quintets): excellent, too (in the instance of the Brahms sextet). But rather disappointing, in total sound, for the promise of the Mendelssohn octet: and definitely disaffecting in the Mozart G minor.

Denis Stevens, who succeeded Eric Blom as editor of Grove's Dictionary and is responsible for the text of the brochure herein contained, is in agreement with most opinion in describing the opening of the G minor quintet as "almost lachrymose in its passionate intensity." But the Heifetz-led ensemble is in disagreement with almost every known performance, on records or in the concert-hall, in the speed with which the "allegro" marking is interpreted. This is not a mere matter of fractional difference, but of a pace which is somebody's idea of the "correct" interpretation that everyone else has overlooked.

In the Mendelssohn, which rarely brings together players of this even quality, the execution is almost faultless, and in some aspects of the first movement, almost breathtaking in its *brio* and fervor. But, in common with all the other performances, it suffers the disadvantage of close up microphoning, which (within what sounds like a dry studio) diminishes the solidity of sound which should come from eight instruments.

As the title of the issue implies, these recordings are the product of a concert series. It was given in the Pilgrimage Theater, an outdoor arena close by the Hollywood Bowl, in August 1961. Perhaps there was an impact in the live performances not conveyed by these recordings which, for all the expertise of execution, are thin and lustreless in sound. There is a fantastic degree of detail in the execution of the individual instruments, especially in the scherzo of the octet, but that is a high price to pay for the lack of other values—sonority, aural background, resonance.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach (arranged by Schoenberg): Prelude and Fugue in E flat ("St. Anne"), Choral Preludes "Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele" and "Komm' Gott, Schöpfer, heiliger Geist"; Bach (arranged by Webern): "Ricercare" ("Musical offering"); Bach (arranged by Stravinsky): Choral Variations on "Von Himmel Hoch." Utah Symphony Orchestra conducted by Maurice Abravanel, with the University of Utah Chorus. Vanguard VSD 2120, $5.95.	A companionable collection of works, these performances are especially welcome for the side which brings together the Schoenberg arrangements. And outstanding among these is the performance of the "St. Anne" prelude and fugue which, in prior recordings, has generally lacked clarity or so good a comprehension as Abravanel demonstrates here. He stresses what plainly sounds to be Schoenberg's endeavor to reproduce the organ voicings from the ampler resources of the orchestra, with credit to both the composer and the arranger. The sound of the orchestra is serviceable rather than luxurious, the recording successful.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35835, $5.98.	To describe this performance as peculiar is to choose the least pernicious of possible terminology, for it mixes much that is valid with a good deal more that is arbitrary and contrary to any common conception of Brahms. The latter relates to the slowing down of many passages (in the introduction to the first and fourth movements) to what sounds almost like practice tempi. Also it is Giulini's contention that Brahms had more kinship in scoring with Mendelssohn than anyone else, lightening the texture of the strings, for example, to a thin thread in some instances. For the virtuous part, the scherzoish third movement is very well performed. Fine sound throughout.
Copland: "El Salon México," "Appalachian Spring," Dance from "Music for the Theatre." Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6355, $5.98.	In some ways these are the finest performances these works have ever had—these ways relate to the identity of Copland's sonorous concepts with Bernstein's evocation of them from the orchestra, his heady tempo for "El Salon México" which gives it a sense of excitement and atmosphere, and by contrast, the eloquent accent of leisure in "Appalachian Spring." For my taste, too, the sound is some of the best the Philharmonic has produced for Bernstein since he became its permanent director—transparent, glossy and precise in pitch.
Dvorak: Concerto in B minor. Pierre Fournier, cello, with George Szell conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. D.G. SLPM 138755, $6.98.	Fournier and Szell each has a superior version of this work to his credit (Szell was the conductor, in his first days of prominence, of the famous recording by Casals) and they pool their knowledge to the production of a really splendid effort. For Fournier the problem is merely to play as well as he can, which is very well indeed, but Szell has the sturdier challenge of the Berlin Philharmonic's well-known style of playing to contend with. It is a measure of his authority as a conductor that he tempers their style to his preference, producing much the same sweetness and purity of sound that characterizes his Cleveland Orchestra. It blends superbly with Fournier's without ever preempting the place of prominence due the soloist. Fine resonant pickup, a little distant, but never out of focus.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4. Brahms: "Academic Festival" Overture. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MS 6361, $5.98.	Ever since his recording of the late Forties, Walter's way has been the preferable one with this ingratiating work, though there have been fine performances at one time or another by Barbirolli Perlea, Szell, and Talich. In this remake from the last year of his life, Walter even exceeds his high standard of before—or perhaps it is more accurate to say that the fine group of musicians brought together for these sessions follow him implicitly and the recording yields a larger share of precisely what they are doing than the earlier one by the Philharmonic. It is, in any case, a superlatively alive and purposeful performance, reproduced with a maximum of efficiency. The Brahms is an excerpt from the complete cycle previously issued.
Hummel: Concerto in B minor. Boieldieu: Concerto in F. Martin Galling, piano, with the Innsbruck Symphony directed by Robert Wagner. Vox STPL 512250, $4.98.	Here is a pair of pretty pieces, yielding rather more in interest and pleasure than those who are inclined to characterize Hummel and Boieldieu as minor composers might expect. However, there are ranks of excellence even among these, and Hummel and Boieldieu share theirs with other men of fluent melodic gift and tasteful workmanship lacking the distinction or originality to qualify for rank among the majors. Neither work is identified by a date but they are post-Mozart, pre-Chopin with an emphasis on flowing passage work and intricate elaboration. To the credit of Vox, it may be noted that both Galling and Wagner are cast perfectly for the kind of tasks to which they address themselves. The pianist has a light, sparkling sound to dispose, and the conductor matches him with a well-shaped orchestral accompaniment.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2. Van Cliburn, piano, with Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2601, $5.98.	The results of this collaboration are as close to a foregone conclusion as any recording can be. There are few composers more suited to Cliburn's style of performance than Rachmaninoff, and the Second Concerto provides him with even more opportunities, possibly, than the Third which he has recorded previously. Withal, it is a clear and comprehending and rather cool performance, a consequence of Reiner's less than amorous attitude toward the assignment in hand. In the slow movement, especially, where the various wind instrument solos can be made to glow in a mood of nocturnal reverie, they are merely very well played. Thus what should be a dialogue is rather more a soliloquy by Cliburn. As RCA itself has demonstrated (in combining it with the Liszt No. 1 by Rubinstein), it is possible to add another work to the Rachmaninoff. Here it is the whole content of both sides, a total of thirty-three minutes of music. Good sound.
Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 5. Constantin Silvestri conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. Angel S 35760, $5.98.	If this is not the first Shostakovitch symphony to be recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic, it is one of the very few—and possessed of special attributes in consequence. These are much related to the slow movement, one of the best the composer ever wrote, and performed here with real distinction under the direction of Silvestri. In the faster movements, and particularly the finale, the slight strain of vulgarity in Silvestri's musical makeup, combined with the blatant proletarianism of Shostakovitch's 'triumph" impulse, makes more than a little jingoism of his "art form." Through it all, the orchestra performs bravely and with a dash and snarl that are the more remarkable for being alien to its character. Very successful recording.
Varèse: "Arcana," "Déserts," and "Offrandes." Robert Craft conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Dona Precht, soprano. Columbia MS 6362, $5.98.	If, as Edgar Varèse is quoted as saying (on the liner of this release), the New York music critics "are interested only in established mediocrities," how does that qualify an expression of interest in *his* work? Never mind—the opinion may date to 1927, while the interest (c. 1962) is a tribute to the persistence of artistic values in his works now that the march of aural progress has enabled us to evaluate what he was doing years ago. Craft's performances are persuasive, Miss Precht has sure control of her appropriately pin-point voice, and the reproduction of it all is all it should be. —Irving Kolodin.

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Sutherland's "Alcina"

THE obvious *raison d'être* for a complete version of Handel's "Alcina" (London OSA 1361, $17.94) is Joan Sutherland, but another personality—an unheard one—seems to dominate this performance. It is Franco Zeffirelli, who produced the Handel opera (with Sutherland) first in Venice during 1960, later in London and Dallas.

Zeffirelli made no attempt to recreate or revitalize the conventional *opera seria* plot. Instead, he interpreted "Alcina" as a lavish concert in costume. The décor and action—what little there was served only as a framework for a string of arias sung by a virtuoso star, with a supporting cast left to emulate her as best it could.

In many ways, the present recording reflects the Zeffirelli approach. It benefits from a reasonable amount of authentic performance practice, and the vocal standard is high. But in terms of the full-length dramatic entity that it could be, this "Alcina" minimizes its own impact. Vocal pyrotechnics and stilted theatrical clichés are stressed at the expense of vitality—a quality not out of place even in eighteenth-century opera.

Richard Bonynge, the conductor (and, by no coincidence, Sutherland's husband), shares much of the blame with Zeffirelli's ghost. Bonynge's virtues as a Baroque specialist are obvious: he is a discreet accompanist, a careful organizer, a neat technician, and a relatively reliable scholar. But the kind of authority that can only come from a sound unifying concept is missing, as is boldness of theatrical instinct. Bonynge deserves credit for the delicate phrasing and subtle dynamics that illuminate isolated portions of the score. At the same time, however, he must be held responsible for the limitations in its range of emotion, not to mention some inconsistencies in the area of ornamentation.

Since most current Handel interpretations are less stylish than this one, it seems churlish to complain of shortcomings. And, indeed, one is grateful that the soloists were permitted, probably encouraged, to embellish the line and improvise elaborate cadenzas. But in this respect, there is no more unanimity in the "where" than in the "how" or "how much."

In some instances, the repetition of a section takes on new interest because the singer adds progressively complex ornaments to it. In others, the repetition courts monotony because no change is involved. And in one or two cases, the problem is solved by omitting the repeat altogether. By the same token, some of the singers approach a trill from above, while others, under identical circumstances, approach it from below. (And there are also times when a limited technique precludes a trill altogether.)

Joan Sutherland — "has conquered Alcina's music but not her character."

STYLISTICALLY, the most impressive contribution is that of harpsichordist George Malcolm, who realizes the continuo part with equal imagination and taste.

Sutherland's performance of the title role, though doubtless without equal today, discloses predictable strengths and weaknesses. Her agility, especially above the staff, is dazzling, and one is amazed by the weight of so flexible an instrument. But the impact of near-perfect trills, uncanny echo effects, tonal purity, and technical security *per se* is soon dissipated. The soprano has conquered Alcina's music, but not her character. Whether the enchantress sings of love or hate, seduction or vengeance, her tones remain accurate, pretty, and monochromatic.

The recording adopts Zeffirelli's practice of casting the hero, originally intended for the castrato Carestini, with a mezzo. This is a sensible solution, but it provides some difficulties of its own. "Alcina" already has one important mezzo-soprano role, Bradamante, and, to complicate matters further, that character—female—is required to spend most of the opera disguised as a male. If one adds another female mezzo, this one *legitimately* portraying a man, confusion in sexual identity as well as in vocal timbre results.

THE situation is aggravated by the fact that the ladies in question, Teresa Berganza (Ruggiero) and Monica Sinclair (Bradamante), command a basically similar sound. There is some contrast, however, in their artistry. Berganza, perhaps the most emotional singer in the cast, colors the recitatives quite differently from the arias, uses chest tones discreetly, and makes all the coloratura passages sound musical. Sinclair (who has sung both parts on the stage) has equally good intentions, but, unfortunately, she is less adept at realizing them.

The minor roles are generally well cast. Luigi Alva is persuasive in adapting bel canto principles to the requirements of Oronte; as Melisso, Ezio Flagello easily encompasses the extremes of range originally imposed by Handel on Gustavus Waltz, who also served as the composer's cook. Graziella Sciutti, whose operatic charm owes as much to visual considerations as vocal ones, sounds sweet but thin as Alcina's sister enchantress, Morgana. Mirella Freni, on the other hand, has both a stronger technique and more generous resources at her disposal for Oberto, another *Hosenrolle*.

The sound is spacious and gratifyingly free from stereo gimmicks. There is some curious technical planning in the set, however; an awkward break puts half of Alcina's important recitative and aria beginning "Ah! Ruggiero crudel" on side four, half on side five. And there is no separation band between the second and third acts.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother"; Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in D; Four Duets (BWV 802-805), Adagio in G (BWV 968). Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Decca DL 710061, $5.98.	Miss Tureck's choice of material is beyond complaint, her approach to it in thoroughness and care immune to reproach whether in terms of scholarship, articulation on the keyboard, or musical rectitude. However, as tends to happen with some players of model devotion to a phase of the literature, she seems inclined to make a solemn ceremony of everything she plays, whether it is the "Lamentations of the friends" in the opening of the "Capriccio" or a simple duet in the sequence of four. What I would relish is a little brighter tone, a more enlivening spirit in Miss Tureck's exposition of the material in which she is so immersed and for which she has so strong a feeling. I don't suppose there has been so good a Bach player since Harold Samuel, but he was able to communicate his enthusiasm as well as his knowledge—a distinction presently lacking with Miss Tureck. Very good (English) piano recording.
Britten: "Canticles" (No. 2 "Abraham and Isaac," No. 1 "My Beloved Is Mine," and No. 3 "Still Falls the Rain"). Peter Pears, tenor, and Benjamin Britten, piano, with John Hahessey, alto, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. London OS 25332, $5.98.	The Canticle is dictionary-defined as a "little song" or else such a Biblical excerpt as the Song of Solomon. "Abraham and Isaac" has some resemblance to the latter, though its source is the Chester Miracle Plays, but Britten clearly has a canticle concept of his own in the setting of poems by Francis Quarles ("My Beloved") and Edith Sitwell ("Still Falls the Rain"). These have some kinship with the Serenade for tenor, horn and strings, especially No. 3, which has an obbligato horn part well played by Barry Tuckwell. Throughout the composer's primary concern is with prosody, or word setting, and its suitability for the voice of Pears, who participated in all the premieres. Not for every taste, but a choice addition to the Britten literature for those who are partial to him.
Chopin: Preludes, Opus 28; Polonaise in A flat, Opus 53. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca DL 710059, $5.98.	Those who dote on the mechanics of piano playing—effortless bravura, a splendid command of passage playing, equal facility in either hand regardless of tempo or other complications—will find Miss Slenczynska's effort impressive for its ease and accuracy. And, in some preludes such as No. 16 which begins side two, the mere momentum of her attack suffices for the requirements of Chopin. Elsewhere, however, the play of light and shade, the interplay of voices which illuminates the artistry of Chopin in all its variety, is held to a very narrow range of effects. Miss Slenczynska is, as ever, an impressive pianistic technician, but the end purpose of such facility—creation of mood, or expression of emotion—elude her more often than not.
Falla: "Siete canciones populares españolas"; Granados: "La maja dolorosa"; Mompou: "Damunt de tu només les flors"; Toldrá: "Canco de grumet," "As frolinas dos toxos"; Montsalvatge: "Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito"; Turina: "Farruca"; Rodrigo: "Pastorcito Santo" and "De los álamos vengo, madre." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with Gonzalo Soriano, piano. Angel 35775, $4.98.	In a way this is a counterpart to the recently admired "Spanish Songs of the Renaissance" by los Angeles, one of the fine accomplishments of recent times. And it might be surmised, from the content, that it would be equally suitable to her abilities. Vocally, it is all typical of her refined artistry, but songs such as the "Jota" and "Polo" of the "Siete canciones" demand a performer of more intensity and introspection (values more prominent in the recording, also on Angel, by Nan Merriman). The first of the three songs in "La maja dolorosa" is provided with the optional English horn part and they are all beautifully sung. Soriano's pianistic skills are more usefully employed in the contemporary songs of side II whose requirements are more in accord with his resources. Their joint performance of Toldrá's "Canco de grumet" ("Song of the Sailor") is a particular delight. However, I prefer Miss Merriman's Montsalvatge (with Gerald Moore) to the los Angeles-Soriano.
Haydn: Quartet No. 67 in D, Opus 64, No. 5 ("The Lark"), and No. 82 in F, Opus 77, No. 2 ("Lobkowitz"). Hungarian Quartet. Vox STGBY 512080, $4.98.	As various of the Haydn symphonies are better known for their slow movements than for the allegros, so it is easier to identify more than a few among the quartets by their great largos, andantes, or adagios than by any other single attribute. The two of this excellent disc are assuredly in this category, with the "Lark" distinguished by its adagio cantabile and the "Lobkowitz" by its andante with variations. However, there is much more to this lesser known work (named for one of the musically discriminating princes who was also a patron of Beethoven) than this single movement. It was the last complete quartet to be written by Haydn, and bears the mark of the master on every page. The performances, like those of Mozart noted below, are wonderfully polished examples of quartet playing but not less notable as recreations of the composer's purpose. Fine recording, too.
Martin: "Etudes for String Orchestra," Concerto for wind instruments, timpani, percussion and strings. Ernest Ansermet conducting soloists and strings of l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6241, $5.98.	Both of these works have high qualities of ingenuity, craftsmanship and structural integration, though I prefer the études for their greater momentum, motivation, and expressivity. The scoring manages to avoid the grainy texture that attaches itself to some writing for string orchestra: perhaps because Martin spaces his voices wider apart than most who have used this medium. The Concerto has a rather mournful character which recurs persistently by way of contrast with its busy rhythmic patterns. For my taste, these works share a general characteristic of Martin in lacking individuality of melodic line or germinal phrase. However, there are few contemporaries who could write so skillful and interesting a movement as "Pour le pizzicato" in the second etude. Both the performance and the reproduction are first class.
Offenbach: "La Belle Hélène" ("Au mont Ida"); Strauss: "Zigeunerbaron" ("Wer uns getraut") Léhar: "Land des Lächelns" ("Von Apfelblüten einen Kranz" and "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz"); Millöcker: "Bettelstudent" ("Ich setz' den Fall" and "Ich hab' kein Geld"); Herbert: "Naughty Marietta" ("Ah, sweet mystery of life"), etc. Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, with Hjordis Schymberg, soprano, and Olle and Gösta Bjoerling. Rococo Record No. 5201, $4.95. (3244 Yonge Street, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada).	Bjoerling fans will recognize these as the product of his first pre-war fame in Sweden, when the voice was sweet, pliable and yet with a fervent beauty all its own, which gave extraordinary charm and appeal to his singing of the Offenbach, Strauss, Léhar, and Millöcker excerpts (uniformly in Swedish, with the exception of the "Zigeunerbaron" which is actually "Wer uns getraut"). The etc. ranges from "Otchi tchornya" and "The Sunshine of Your Smile" through songs of local popularity to a rare dubbing of a Psalm 104 by the trio of boy-soprano Bjoerlings with which Jussi toured America in the 1919-1921 period.
Stravinsky: "Les Noces," "Renard," and "Ragtime for Eleven Instruments." Igor Stravinsky conducting an instrumental and percussion ensemble, with Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, and Roger Sessions, piano; Mildred Allen, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo; Loren Driscoll and George Shirley, tenors; William Murphy, baritone; Donald Gramm and Robert Oliver, basses. Columbia ML 6372, $5.98.	This is one of the most valuable to date of Columbia's Stravinsky issues conducted by the composer, for the obvious reason that the repertory is much harder to come by than the orchestral works which are standard. Of outstanding quality is the performance of "Renard," for which the composer seems to have a special affinity and in which he takes particular pleasure (as at Santa Fe). All the performers here are first class and it fares very well in English. I am less partial to that language in "Les Noces," possibly because the words are harder to make out. As for the composers' participation as pianists, it is a nice gesture, but hardly important, because the piano parts are not much more than "composer piano." But why has not someone on the Stravinsky side pointed out, long before this, how much of Orff's "Carmina Burana" is not merely a derivation but a reproduction of "Les Noces?" Very fine recording, including "Ragtime" which, with Toni Koves on cimbalom, has rarely been so well played. —I.K.

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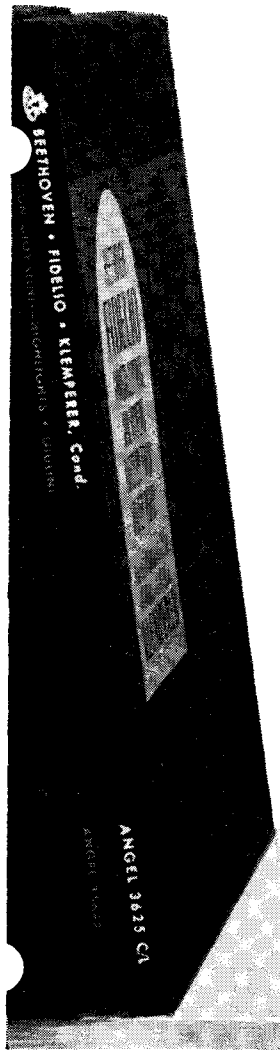

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Globs of Sound, Grains of Salt

THE OLD and the new greeted visitors to the New York High Fidelity Music Show this month. For five minutes every hour, while WTFM suspended its FM stereo broadcast and switched to its home studios for the news, listeners at the show were cheered by the live sound of Paul Eakins's Mortier Band Organ (built in 1885), courtesy of Audio Fidelity Records. This colorful, sixteen-foot, 1¼-ton machine tootled "Sweet Georgia Brown" and other favorites through 418 pipes, punctuated with percussion from twenty-two xylophone bars, two drums, castanets, and a cymbal. A forerunner, in a way, of today's music machines, the organ emphasized the changes in electronic entertainment of the past seventy-seven years.

Immediately overhead several of the best-known engineers in the world of audio were demonstrating their own products. Joseph Grado played the same records alternately with his Laboratory and new Mark I Experimental cartridges, to illustrate the advances made since last year's show, while Edgar Villchur of Acoustic Research cheerfully pounded his turntable with a hammer to demonstrate its shock-resistance. Just down the hall, Paul Weathers was surrounded by audiophiles curious about his new products.

In four floors of manufacturers' exhibits, there were many questions to be asked, and many authorities to answer them. But for those without questions—or without the patience to wait in line for the nearest expert—there was still quite a bit to listen to and look at, and even to touch: many curious fingers stroked the anti-resonant coating of the J. B. Lansing LE 14C woofer.

Rek-O-Kut demonstrated the prototype of its six-head tape recorder, whose centrally placed capstan let it function equally well in both directions. Viking quietly unveiled its model 200 recorder, about which they would say no more than that it was available for commercial applications only, at present, as well as cartridge stereo tape player for automobiles. Citroen's tape recorder displayed surprisingly good sound for a portable machine, and Benjamin displayed the new Truvox, a three-speed, three-head recorder from England. Also on hand for the serious recordist was the PML condensor microphone, imported from Sweden by Ercona, and selling at a price closer to the reach of the amateur than most of its professional cousins.

Transistors, still definitely in the minority, were far more in evidence than at last year's show. Sherwood's solid-state receiver, with a clock-timer and a cooling fan for the output stages built in, was only an experimental-idea vehicle, but there were hints of more to come in 1963. Altec's Astro receiver used both tubes and transistors, and Lafayette's Criterion power amplifier, entirely solid state, was half the size of its hundred-watt, vacuum-tube brother, though still massive in its own right. Acoustech's forty-watt amplifier was even larger, and Fairchild made transistors a part of their new F-7 Cartridge system.

THE transistorized pre-amplifier of the F-7 permits a lighter, lower-output moving-coil transducer to be used, for improved tracking and less record wear. The Zenith microtouch tone-arm tracked at two grams, unusually light for a changer, but a more potent appeal to many parents is the near-impossibility of scratching records with it. Also scratch-proof is the new Shure integrated tone-arm, with a stylus assembly which retracts at forces above 1.5 grams, and several other improvements. At the Shure exhibit, too, was the British SME arm, glistening like a cobra from Tiffany's, and holding a spell-bound audience with its forest of shiny—and functional—projections. The Weathers "stress-generator" cartridge used a piezo-electric material new to the audio field and a totally new drive system.

Fisher exhibited a remote-control tuner, and both Royce and Stereosonics showed remote-control units as well. Perhaps a more useful device from Stereosonics was their Phase Coordinator, which checks both balance and phasing for better directionality, bass response, and other benefits.

Several new speakers were on display. The Shainian L4 from PACO used balsa reinforcing struts and plastic ball diffusers to improve the response of its three six-inch speakers. Wharfdale used a multiple approach on a grander scale with six speakers in a dual three-way speaker system, the model W90. The non-resonant baffle is made from sand-filled wood panels. The interestingly

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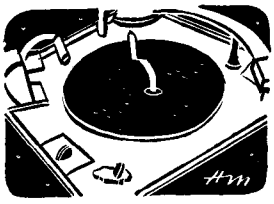
styled ADC speakers use a rectangular woofer developed in England, home also of the IMF-Kelly ribbon tweeter. Much attention focused on the Rek-O-Cut Sonorama, a "bookshelf" speaker that is its own bookshelf, and contains both stereo channels.

Many other products were shown which had not been previously announced. Heath showed their first television kit, McIntosh an antenna rotor with an oscilloscope indicator for multipath distortion. Rotron displayed its quiet cooling fans for longer component life in cabinet installations.

But for the audiophile who wished to evaluate the new products by ear the show was a disappointment. It is difficult, but not impossible, to listen critically under the crowded conditions of such an exposition. But the choice of music played made it, in many cases, almost impossible to judge the quality of the sound. Gimmicky stereo showpieces may be spectacular, but as guides to fidelity of reproduction, they



are valueless. Arrangements made strictly for the recording studio, with no live counterpart, give no basis for comparison. Records with exaggerated separation and exotic instrumentation may impress, but they express nothing of the worth of the reproducing equipment.

THIS is not all the fault of the record manufacturers. Many of the same firms which make these sonic extravaganzas for their legitimate entertainment value produce excellent — and spectacular — classics, jazz, and other material from which a listener can make trustworthy judgments.

Of course, any listening impressions formed under such public conditions should be taken with a grain of salt and re-evaluated at leisure. But the exhibitors could make the listener's job an easier one. In terms of attendance, at least, the show must be counted a success, and over 30,000 audiophiles will return in 1963 to savor the program of another year. —IVAN BERGER.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. earthy, dearth. 2. wreathed, breath. 3. midges, fidget. 4. scaring, ocarena. 5. feeling, beeline. 6. Martian, partial. 7. falcons, balcony. 8. silkworm, milkwort. 9. castle, lastly. 10. cologne, bologna.

Goldberg of the Goldberg Variations

GOLDBERG: *Concerto in D minor for Harpsichord and Strings. Eliza Hansen, harpsichord, with Christoph Stepp conducting the strings of the Pfalz Orchestra, Ludwigshafen; Sonata for Two Violins and Continuo No. 4, in A minor. Thomas Brandis and Helga Rehm, violins; Edwin Koch, cello, and Karl Grebe, harpsichord.* Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC 73195, $6.98 (mono, ARC 3195, $5.98).

Johann Gottlieb Goldberg, identified in "Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians" as a "remarkable German organist and harpsichord player," was a violin maker's son, born in Danzig on March 14, 1727. Bach's patron Count Kayserling took him to Leipzig about 1740, and Johann Sebastian composed his famous "Aria with Thirty Variations" specifically for performance by Goldberg when the young virtuoso was only fifteen. Goldberg later moved on to Dresden, where Wilhelm Friedemann Bach was among his teachers, and died there in the service of the prime minister of Saxony on April 13, 1756, a "melancholy and self-willed eccentric" according to his contemporaries.

The tabulation of Goldberg's compositions includes two concertos; six trios for flute, violin and bass; twenty-four Polonaises; a motet; a cantata; a psalm, and a keyboard sonata "with Minuet and Twelve Variations." Fritz Bose refers to "piano concertos" in his liner notes, but we may assume that "piano" in this case was a random translation of "Clavier," for it is extremely doubtful that Goldberg or anyone else wrote specifically for that instrument before about 1770, and, in any event, a harpsichord is used in the recording. Still, the dramatic, even Romantic nature of the Concerto might well suggest the piano concertos of later generations. The writing for the small string orchestra (sixteen players were used for the recording) is unusually expressive, and gives that body equal weight with the soloist. Certainly this "D minor" is more a foretaste of Mozart's than an echo of Bach's.

Evidently Goldberg, like Haydn, Handel, Telemann and many others, indicated that the flute part in the trios cited above could be taken by a second violin, for it is easy to imagine a flute in the exquisitely wrought A minor work, whose sweet coloring and plaintive accents make it an excellent foil for the vigorously masculine Concerto. Both items on the well recorded disc benefit from alert performances which bespeak enthusiasm for the material as well as much care in its preparation.

—RICHARD FREED.

Look closely

there's a twinkle in his eye.

Dr. Otto Klemperer is indisputably one of the world's most renowned interpreters of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. To celebrate his return to America, Angel treats you to another facet of his amazing talent. The suite from Kurt Weill's modern masterpiece, "The Three Penny Opera", including "Mack The Knife", is performed with insinuating authority and incisive wit, crackling with the biting satire of Berlin in the Twenties. And in a gayer, brighter mood, Klemperer brings us three celebrated light works of Johann Strauss . . . "Vienna Life", "The Emperor Waltz", and the overture to "Die Fledermaus". Finally, he offers his own "Merry Waltz", a raised eyebrow in three-quarter time, deliciously satirizing the saccharine Viennese pastries of other composers. This most unusual album is a *must* for your collection. To those who think of Klemperer only in lofty terms, it will be a revelation. To those who know the scope of his genius, it will be marvelously satisfying. And to Klemperer? Look again. There *is* a twinkle in that eye.

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Schütz's St. Matthew, Bach's Offering

THE MOST beautiful record of Baroque music to come my way in some years is Archive's new one of the Schütz *St. Matthew Passion* (ARC 3172, $5.98, or stereo ARC 73172, $6.98). Schütz was in his eightieth year when he made his Passion settings in 1664, and they show him in an almost archaicizing mood as he abandoned the brilliant sound and colorful gestures of his earlier, almost Venetian music. Here he uses only a four-part chorus and a group of soloists for the individual roles of Jesus, Pilate, the Evangelist, and the others. There are no instruments at all, which is in itself of such extreme rarity in the Baroque as to set the *Passion* apart for most listeners as a wholly special experience. The sound of *a cappella* choral singing is, of course, familiar enough, but it is the recitatives that become so gripping and so moving. Unpunctuated by instruments, articulated only by their own rise and fall, their proper slowings down and speedings up, they stand as a glorious monument to the richness and variety of human speech, heard and echoed by a very great composer.

As anyone who has heard vocal music from Monteverdi to Mozart can attest, recitative is difficult to sing. How wretchedly lumpy the declamation mostly is, and then how boring the result! Here, about half the work's hour-long burden is borne by the Evangelist, alone, unsupported, and his part is sung by a master of word and song. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. There is no touch of those excesses of pathos that have disfigured certain of his performances, and there is no trace of false theater from a foreign style. It is the best of Fischer-Dieskau only: the darkly beautiful sound, the grandly sculptured words and phrases, and the all-controlling intelligence. Fischer-Dieskau's colleagues are first-rate, every one. They and the Hugo Distler Choir of Berlin are conducted by another Fischer-Dieskau, Klaus, and there is in fact a third member of the clan involved, Lore, who sings the eight words and thirteen notes assigned to the Second Maid. As a combination of a work miraculous in its intimate expressiveness and of hauntingly beautiful singing, this record is one of the most treasurable now before the public, and one that will provide a summit of many a listener's experience.

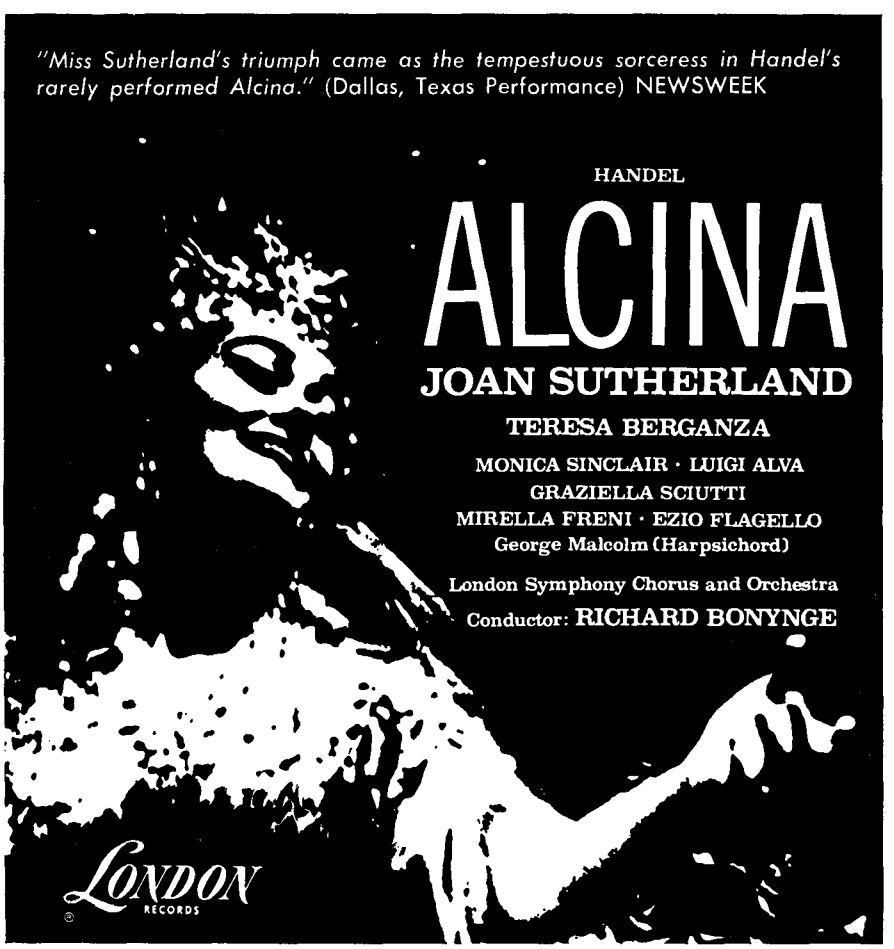
Another touching work by Schütz is his *Christmas Story*, an oratorio of bright instrumental coloring and a carefully studied variety of texture and pace. The vibrant reading by Arthur Mendel on REB is long gone from the catalogue, and by comparison the new one is disappointing (VOX 780, or stereo STDL 500.780, both $4.98). Both the conductor, Hans Grischkat, and the important Evangelist, Hans Ulrich Mielsch, are relaxed almost to the point of nervelessness, and their placid amble through the work simply leaves too many points unmade. Even so, the record is well worth acquiring as an adequate representation of a most beautiful composition.

Bach's *Musical Offering* has so many special difficulties of its own that performances are apt to be quite poor, and the work, one of Bach's most imaginative and most deeply felt, has acquired an entirely undeserved reputation as academic paper music. Two new recordings both offer aggressive verbal sales-pitches on its behalf but in neither case is the musical sound likely to make friends for this mangled masterpiece. Yehudi Menuhin performs it with members of the Bath Festival Orchestra (Angel 35731, $4.98, or stereo S-35731, $5.98), and Milan Munclinger directs the Ars Rediviva Ensemble, a Czech group (Supraphon SUA 10072, $5.98).

Menuhin uses an intelligent and attractive edition by N. D. Boyling for solo strings, flute, bassoon, and harpsichord. Things get off to a disconcerting start with the harpsichord performance of the Ricercare à 3, disconcerting because Kinloch Anderson's attempts at rubato come across as giddy lurches and staggers and because of the bewildering number of pointless, not to say destructive, changes of registration. Most of the playing, however, is technically good. The real trouble is that Menuhin adds an unfocussed interpretation to his own uncontrolled technique which, alas, we have almost come to expect.

The Ars Rediviva group is more vigorous and lively, and sometimes they carry a piece by sheer drive, for example the Ricercare à 3 and the modulating canon. On the other hand, the sound is rough, and the intensity, restlessness, and anxiety to get on to the next number get to be exhausting. Neither performance is good, but Supraphon comes closer.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG.



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THE OTHER SIDE

The Bible by Sir Laurence, Karajan's "Giselle"

FROM EMI headquarters at Hayes, there emerges this month a 3½-inch-thick presentation album in dazzling white leathercloth, with gold-embossed lettering proclaiming "The Living Bible." Inside, separately housed in individual folders (each containing splendid art reproductions as well as full texts), are a dozen twelve-inch mono LP discs featuring Old Testament readings by Sir Laurence Olivier, supported by background music and sound effects.

On the face of it this project, "presented for His Master's Voice by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," and officially "commended" by a dozen ecclesiastical dignitaries (including the Archbishop of York, England's Chief Rabbi, and Dr. Billy Graham), seems expressly designed to repel anyone holding sincere religious beliefs. With its gold labels and general air of ostentation, the set bids fair to rival the vulgarity of super-colossal religious epics on the cinema—an impression furthered by MV's publicity, with enrollment forms (to prove one's worthiness to listen to the discs?) and a "play-as-you-pay" scheme.

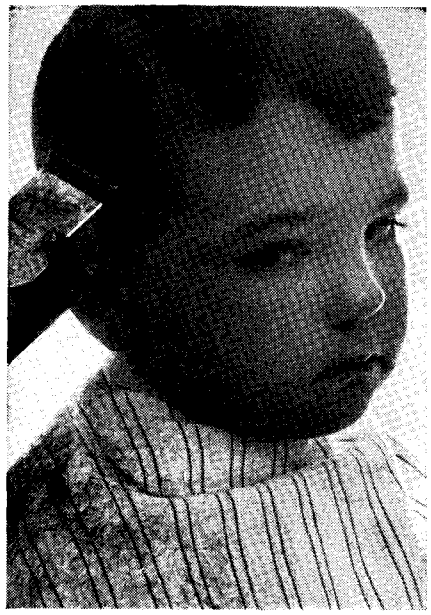
Nevertheless, if we can overlook the trappings of Mammon, there is a great deal to admire and to enjoy here. Sir Laurence's performance—for the most part severely restrained, but containing occasional flights of astonishing rhetoric and passion—is a remarkable tour de force; the musical part of the project, supervised by Cyril Ornadel, shows much tact and originality by drawing exclusively on traditional Hebrew and modern Israeli material; and even the sound effects are handled with such discretion that they aid the narrative rather than distracting the listener. Perhaps it is best, in the event, to suppress one's puritanical distaste for the plushy commercialism of the presentation and to be thankful that "The Living Bible," as regards the actual contents, has turned out as well as it has.

Tchaikovsky is, of course, always with us, but the new Kogan/Silvestri disc of the Violin Concerto is nonetheless welcome because of the soloist's fiery discipline and the conductor's sensitive, alert handling of the orchestral score. The latest version of the "Pathétique" features the Philharmonia under its chief, Otto Klemperer: instead of the usual, high-powered emotional orgy, we are here confronted by a deeply-considered and beautifully controlled exposition of Tchaikovsky's score, whose unhurried progress and meticulously balanced orchestral texture reveals a far grander design than is vouchsafed by many superficially more exciting performances. And, praise be, we are allowed for once to savor Tchaikovsky's extraordinary, schizophrenic opening of the Finale, thanks to Dr. Klemperer's thrice-blessed insistence on placing the second violins to his right—any other arrangement makes nonsense of the scoring at this point, yet most conductors nowadays evade the issue as though unaware of the composer's intentions!

One of the finest recent organ discs takes the form of a recital by Fernando Germani, recorded by HMV at Selby Abbey in Yorkshire. On a superb instrument, which was extensively rebuilt not long after World War II, the noted Italian virtuoso gives outstanding performances of Liszt's Prelude and Fugue on BACH, a remarkable Chorale Fantasia by Reger ("Halleluja! Gott zu loben"), and two well-known warhorses: Franck's "Pièce héroique" and Widor's Toccata. Stereo captures the full flavor of the Abbey's rich acoustics; by comparison the mono disc seems no more than a flat photograph.

No major projects from Decca this month—but "highlight" discs from familiar "Otello" and "Messiah" sets which appeared a year ago, and a new D'Oyly Carte performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." Since the Decca catalogue already boasts a first-class stereo disc, conducted by Martinon, of an abbreviated "Giselle,' one can only assume that a similar, new disc came about because Karajan expressed a wish to perform this music. It is not the kind of fare one normally associates with him or with the Vienna Philharmonic, but their magnificent performance does old Adam proud (even if some of the dances are endowed with an uncharacteristic, though wholly charming, Viennese lilt): I doubt whether this score has ever been as well played as here, and the recording is of the highest excellence. Under the composer's direction, Vienna's great orchestra can also be heard in a superb recording of Khachaturian's wartime Second Symphony, a colorful, large-scale work which seems to me utterly devoid of genuine musical distinction.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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How Live Is "Live"?

By JAN HOLCMAN

THE AMBIGUOUS nature of the phonograph as a reliable exponent of artistic achievement has been eloquently summarized by Busoni and Rachmaninoff, two keyboard masters, who were also lured into the labyrinth hiding Edison's Minotaur.

"I have been depressed as if I were expecting to have an operation," wrote Busoni in 1919, referring to his first recording session. "Certain notes have to be played stronger or weaker," and the pianist must not "let himself go for fear of inaccuracies . . . being conscious the whole time that every note was going to be there for eternity. How can there be any question of inspiration, freedom, swing and poetry?"

A decade later Rachmaninoff wrote: "I realize that this will remain for good, I get nervous, my hands get tense," but, consoling himself, "if it is not good I can always . . . play it over again"—and he was pleased with his final discs.

Busoni's "acoustical problems" have long been eliminated, and stage fright is common to *all* performances, not just recorded ones. But the problem of inspiration is still a subject of heated debate. Is the performance taped during a "live" concert more inspired than the one captured in the grooves of a disc cut in isolation? Does the recitalist, aroused by an audience into a creative flurry change inside the studio into a Milquetoast, paralyzed by the sight of the merciless microphone? Will Horowitz's flaming fury, for example, cool off at the doors of the air-conditioned recording room?

The new fashionable trend of issuing unique or popular live performances on LP plus the countless available studio-discs makes it possible to throw some light on the confusing question of the elusiveness of inspiration—a study to be carried out through novel and vivid comparisons which expose the inspiration of the listener as well to some severe tests, as well. We can now make careful comparisons between performances recorded in cage-like studios, huge concert halls, or the artist's home, not to mention the unusual instance of a Warsaw music shop, where—believe it or not—Michalowski, a nearly blind pupil of Beethoven's pupil Moscheles, was accidentally recorded while playing on an old upright.

The emotional reactions to these contrasting localities are not uniform: some pianists become more tense at concerts, others in studios, and for yet another group home recordings can be the most technically and psychologically convenient medium. The idea of the artist playing in the relaxed atmosphere of his home—if any recording session can be relaxing—was not born in the LP era; it originated much earlier. In the late 1920s, Planté was recorded at his residence in France, and ten years earlier de Pachmann had entertained visiting machines in his home in England. The first great pianist to adopt this comfortable practice was probably the ubiquitous Paderewski, who as early as in 1911, in his Swiss hideout, confronted Victrola executives with the old dilemma: If the Mountain will not come to Mohammed. . . . More recently, recording equipment was carried to Landowska's venerable feet, a to Horowitz's apartment as well. These "homemade" discs have given rise to various suspicions, but with Horowitz nobody need fear that he had to ask a colleague, say Iturbi, to execute some difficult trick for him.

Source material available for current investigations includes at least a dozen LPs taken from the more telling public solo appearances of Hofmann, Renard, Rubinstein, Richter, Barere, Backhaus, Lipatti, and Horowitz. Some of them appear twice. Still to be released are a 1938 Hofmann recital for the students of the Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, the little-known broadcast appearances of Eisenberger, and Cliburn's Moscow performances, to mention pianists alone. Ah! Horowitz has a hidden stock of all his recorded public appearances since 1949. . . .

All these thoughts were suggested by the recent release of Richter's and Rubinstein's concert appearances which contain a wordless threat to the critics who reviewed their recital: "Hold on to your seat, for now *you* will be judged."

On to the records themselves. Careful comparisons reveal that the mar of a concert hall performance *at tim* is reflected on disc, but is usually exaggerated by overreceptive listeners. And while the presence of an audience may inspire performers, the presence

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per se, captured in the grooves, is also able to excite the record listener, and therefore both "inspirations" should be discussed separately. The effect of the audience upon the artist was readily ·n in some of the recordings in ques··on. It is undeniable that Rosita Renard's phenomenal flair, speed, and considerable accuracy (a rare combination) in the concert hall would hardly be attainable to such a degree under studio conditions (her studio Beethoven is cooler). However, it is not less true that Horowitz's studio disc of Liszt's "Funérailles," Michalowski's record of Chopin's Prelude No. 16, or Rachmaninoff's shellacs of whatever you prefer all resemble a live performance in their temperament and inspiration. Could Friedman have recorded Chopin's sixteenth Nocturne more spontaneously at the concert hall than he did in the studio? Isn't Hofmann's 1924 Nocturne in F sharp more declamatory than the 1938 recital reading, even if the fifth Waltz explodes still more vibrantly in the concert version?

Another factor which can considerably affect interpretation is the choice of speed. Records reveal that velocity tends to be greater during concerts than in studio sessions (home tempos perhaps representing the middle ground). Horowitz plays Chopin's First Scherzo, the finale of Prokofiev's Seventh Sonata, ·d even Debussy's innocent "Serenade ·r the Doll" much faster in the recital disc. His studio version of the latter is, however, more poetic and sensitive—a perfect choice to mislead the blindfolded connoisseur. Hofmann, too, adopts faster tempos in recitals; examples: Chopin's Fifth Nocturne and Beethoven's March. Whether faster means "better" is another question. Rubinstein's concert-reading of "Poissons d'or" is a bit more impulsive and delicate than that on his studio LP, the slightly livelier mobility not affecting the final impact at all. His playing of Szymanowski's Third Mazurka is more retrospective in the concert disc, yet the Second Mazurka reveals greater flair in the studio version. Finally, the well-balanced Lipatti is equally appealing under both conditions, showing no substantial difference either in speed or mood, his concert-Mozart being only mildly warmer and the Chopin Waltz No. 5 a bit more daring.

While there are no hard and fast rules, the fact is that most pianists play faster at concerts, and this may have ambigous results. Although temperament often wins by it, technique as ·ften suffers some losses. Again, there ·e a few strong exceptions. Horowitz's trills in Chopin's Third Waltz and Richter's in Moussorgsky, for instance, sing out more precisely in the concert disc, the quality of the instrument perhaps playing a part, or for that matter a better pianistic form at this evening.

If there are any skeptics who still don't believe that illusion can play a magical role, they can be cured by the following sonic therapy: using our fashionable splicing methods, add bravos, noises, and echoes to a studio recording of Kapell; or simply rerecord another great pianist in an empty resonant hall. Will this touched-up performance sound substantially different from a record made during his average public appearance? If our skeptic still fails to respond, try the trick in reverse: eliminate all the noises and echoes from his favorite concert disc, play it for him, and wait. A shock is guaranteed.

The future for recorded concerts seems prosperous, especially since wrong notes can be eliminated by "1984" groove censors, and more and more artists are apt to be persuaded to release these recital documents. What goes on in splicing studios issuing regular studio discs is better not mentioned. Not many realize that the "inspiration" captured during a live performance is not the sole reason for preferring a concert disc. Musicians and collectors value the simple fact that the artist "did it" on the first try and not the tenth, and consider the "live" disc a more valid documentation. The common criticism that a studio disc is unable to capture true inspiration should be replaced by a more urgent complaint: that a miraculously spliced disc is a dishonest representation of the magnified technical capacities of a given artist.

To recapitulate, the delightful new Rubinstein disc with selections from the 1961 cycle did not change our initial impressions, and is matched by superlative sound. However, the sound of Richter's Carnegie recording fails to match the sonorities produced during the actual performance. The DGC studio version of Schumann's "Novelette" No. 1 is tonally clearer, capturing at the same time some favorable echo effects. The powerful impact remembered from his recital is, nevertheless, fully evident in the "Novelette" in D on the concert disc, despite inferior sound and resonance.

Since both live and studio performances will undoubetdly continue to be recorded, listeners can only hope for the rise of some Napoleonic audiophile who will clean up the cleaners of tapes and leave the scars of inspiration in full view, permitting us to appreciate not only the music, but the fact that its magic has been created completely by the artist's unassisted abilities. Until this happens, the concert disc will have a marked advantage over studio LPs, but not—as yet—over all good 78s!

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THE AMEN CORNER

Twenty-Seven and Out

ONE cannot, as the saying goes, hear them all, and I have just been catching up with one of the most notable moments in jazz history. This was the rhythmic transport during the 1956 Newport Jazz Festival when the tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves played twenty-seven successive solo choruses in the midst of Duke Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue." During this performance the audience became pandemoniac, and while I yield to none in my abhorrence of the yawping and yowling which have drowned out so much jazz playing, I am bound to admit that I find some justification here—besides, Gonsalves is not lost on the recording. It has now been "electronically re-channeled for stereo," but sounds splendid on monaural equipment (Columbia Stereo CS 8648). Against a jumping background, Gonsalves achieves an amazingly continuous tension. His shifting rhythmic patterns, his frequently very subtle melodic turns, are fascinating to follow. The whole long expression gives off that sense of high, spontaneous musical logic which is one mark of the finest jazz playing. Furthermore, Gonsalves's tone throughout is clear and strong; there is no recourse to honking, squealing or catarrhal spasms.

In his program notes, George Avakian observes that his remarkable occasion may have owed some of its fire to an erstwhile Ellington rival, the famous drummer Jo Jones, long the rhythmic fulcrum of Count Basie's band. "Perhaps the Ellington band might never have generated that terrific beat," writes Avakian, "if it weren't for Jo Jones, who had played drums that night with Teddy Wilson. Jo happened to be in a little runway below the left front of the stage. . . . From this vantage point, hidden from the crowd by a high canvas, but visible from the shoulders up to the musicians, Jo egged on the band with nothing more than appreciation and a rolled up copy of *The Christian Science Monitor*."

The other numbers on the disc are "Jeep's Blues," a handsome show case for Johnny Hodges' ethereal alto saxophone, and the vivid three-part "Newport Jazz Festival Suite" by Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. But it is the "Diminuendo and Crescendo" which makes the strongest impression. This has long been one of my favorite Ellington compositions, representing him in what is to me the most striking of all his expressive moods—fiery, elegant, commanding—and it is played here with maximum authority (I could, however, dispense with Cat Anderson's trumpet screamers which come at the climax of the piece).

From this big-band impact, I pass to more intimate pleasures. "Pikes Peak" introduces a young vibraharpist, Dave Pike, together with Bill Evans, piano, Herbie Lewis, bass, and Walter Perkins, drums (Epic LA 16025). This combination function on the same high levels of musical pertinence and delicacy as the Modern Jazz Quartet, for Pike is a man fit to stand with Milt Jackson, Evans is worthy to sit with John Lewis, and Herbie Lewis and Perkins are in admirable rapport. The Pike group are, however, anything but a carbon copy of the M.J.Q. In general the former are somewhat looser, more spontaneous in effect, and both Pike and Evans (playing here with more right hand emphasis than usual) are markedly individual improvise They play in a variety of tempos, fr Pike's beautifully propulsive "Why Not" to Dmitri Tiomkin's ballad "Wild Is The Wind," which becomes one of the most lingering and lovely jazz nocturnes I have heard in quite a long time.

IT is always a special pleasure for this department to do favors for that grand old—and fast-diminishing—company of zouaves, the early followers of the late Leon Bismarck "Bix" Beiderbecke, cornetist of Davenport, Iowa. I myself was blooded with these troops (some of whom are still resisting Louis Armstrong), and I think they will enjoy "Billy Plays Bix" by the Billy Butterfield Jazz Band with the leader on trumpet, Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet, Thomas "Ziggy" Harrell, bass trumpet, Danny Meyers, trombone, Alton Smith, bass. Junie Saul, guitar, W.D. "Pat" Roberts, piano, and Bob Test, drums (Epic LA 16026). Excellent and lyric musician that he is, I do not think that Butterfield sounds as much like Bix as did Carl Halen, who appeared some years ago in "Hooray for Bix!" (Riverside RLP 12-268). But the old soldiers will hear Butterfield's reverence their hero, and eleven tunes associate with him, including "Sorry," "Goose Pimples," "Louisiana," "I'll Be A Friend With Pleasure" and "Tía Juana."

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Van Cliburn Contest

Continued from page 44

stylistic authority which the judges instantly sought. Leopold Mannes read a statement prepared by the jury just before the final winners were announced. He said, "In making the decisions involving all the prize awards the jury wishes to make it clear that each contestant has been considered not only from the standpoint of his performances during the past two weeks but also of his overall talent, capacity, and potential." Upon such a basis, Votapek emerged as the one candidate fully qualified for the heavy responsibilities that victory in this competition brings.

Milton Katims, conductor of the Seattle Symphony, flew down to Fort Worth to conduct the Fort Worth Symphony in the finals. He gave contestants and orchestra alike a sense of confidence and security that added much to the closing rounds. Katims told me he hoped that the winner of so important and impressive a contest would be ready for the demands sure to be made upon him. A partial answer to this question came from Rosina Lhevinne, who was Cliburn's teacher at the time of his famous victory in Moscow as she has been Votapek's during the past year. She says Votapek is prepared, and soundly, to play thirty concertos.

In looking over the notes I made while listening to Votapek in the preliminaries, semi-finals, and final sessions, I find these comments: "Musical feeling, delicacy and nuance, very expressive, immense power, a sense of the long line, regard for the form of the work." In short, a high order of pianism. At twenty-three, which was the average age of the field of the contestants, Votapek is an attractive, blond young man from Milwaukee, mild-mannered and modest offstage, yet highly personable on it. He gives every sign of being now, and increasingly in the years ahead, a superb musician whose playing should satisfy the highest demands. With contracts from Hurok in this hemisphere and Van Wyck in Europe, with solo and orchestral engagements awaiting him in Carnegie Hall and London's Royal Festival Hall, and with an RCA Victor contract signed before he was proclaimed winner, he looks to me like a young man whose head will not be turned, and who can be counted on to continue to broaden his musical knowledge and outlook.

He shines in the very areas where the judges found most candidates lacking: Beethoven sonatas, Chopin, and chamber music. His name, soon to become widely known throughout the world of music, will reflect great credit on the competition whose top prize he is the first to win.

What about future Cliburn Competitions? Already Fort Worth is planning for them. Grace Ward Lankford, whose dreamchild the Competition was and is, wore herself out by the endless time she gave to its details, but it is improbable that the contest could ever have begun or been so successfully carried through without her. When one considers the government interest in and support of such affairs as the Brussels and Moscow contests, it is even more astonishing that a lone Texas woman of imagination and executive ability should have been able to bring off this event. One experienced New York observer commented that neither the Mitropoulos nor the Leventritt contests ever ran so smoothly and efficiently.

This year's jury operated in a spirit of cooperative understanding and mutual appreciation, seeking always to find the most musical elements in the players. When the inevitable crises arose, the generalship of jury chairman Mannes proved invaluable in bringing about peaceful, constructive solutions.

Another time certain ambiguous wording concerning the number of entrants to be admitted to semi-finals and finals will no doubt be made clear, avoiding this year's decisions to stretch the semi-finals from twelve to sixteen, the finals from six to nine. Adequate rehearsal time with the orchestra will be arranged in advance, having been set up this time only through the insistence of the entire jury. A string quartet of the highest caliber must be engaged another time so that contestants will not be hampered by inferior playing. The chamber music repertoire will no doubt be altered to give a choice between two composers instead of two works by a single one.

Fort Worth is solidly on music's international map by virtue of the strong community support displayed throughout the contest, the unparalleled hospitality extended to all who visited the city, and the eminently satisfactory musical results of its first competition. City officials and private citizens admit the city will never again be the same as it was before the contest began. For two weeks it became an international center where one talked in French with Japanse judge Iguchi, in German with the Russian Oborin. Pianists from around the world lived in Fort Worth's homes and shopped in its stores. Leading American contenders turned pages for their rivals from Japan, Russia and Portugal. Fort Worth today understands the world better than it did a month ago and the world has a new and warm admiration for Fort Worth.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

EASTERN STANDARDS OR WESTERN?

MR. KOLODIN'S critique [*SR*, Sept. 22], entitled "The Month of Maya, Russian Style," struck me as elegantly void, both of objectivity and clarity of esthetic judgment. He suggests, with not clear flourish of pen, that the Bolshoi and its discreet members, mainly Ulanova, are practitioners of technical excellence, but nonetheless leave one with a vacancy of feeling of a binding sympathy which should exist between artist and viewer. Between this observation and the observation he makes, "Neither Timofeyva nor Liepa can be cited in the class of Plisetskaya and Fadeyechev in Act III, but together they sustain a blend of values more in keeping with the idea of ballet as a totality rather than as a series of individual exploits," Mr. Kolodin points out that the element of subtlety is missing or woefully neglected. As a Western standard of measuring the dance, his observation may indeed be quite accurate. . . .

But in this debate, what standards of measurement do we utilize—Western, Eastern, or what? If our standards of measurement are peculiarly Western, Mr. Kolodin, then three "Hail Pavlovas" go unto you. If our standards of the dance can be shifted to Eastern measurement, then Mr. Kolodin has a right to his fantasy, but no claim to objective criticism.

Exit Stage Left,
E. AMADEUS KIRSHMAN.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To criticize by standards other than those to which one is habituated would be not only dishonest but impossible.*

COMMENT ON CONTEST COMMENT

THE TIMELY ARTICLE, "Piano Competitions: Talent Hunt or Sports?" by Carl Battaglia in your August 25 issue is too provocative and one-sided to be allowed to go unanswered. . . .

In one sense, of course, it might be held that all prizes awarded in contests are suspect. Even the Nobel Prize awards have occasionally been subject to great criticism and certainly some of the awardees have "cashed in" on the international publicity that the prize has afforded. Yet, to question the value of these awards simply because of occasional abuses is unimaginative and contrary to the best interests of science, arts and letters.

I predict that the talent on hand for the Cliburn Piano Competition will reflect credit on our musical development as of 1962. I maintain that, the judges being who they are, this contest and the prizes it offers will raise the level of musical performance. I propose that we give Grace Ward Lankford, the chairman of this competition, a vote of confidence: she has selected a magnificent panel of judges; she has sought to avoid the mistakes of

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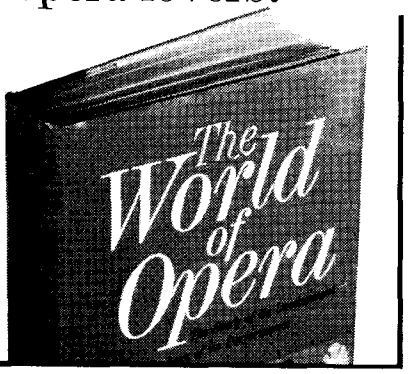

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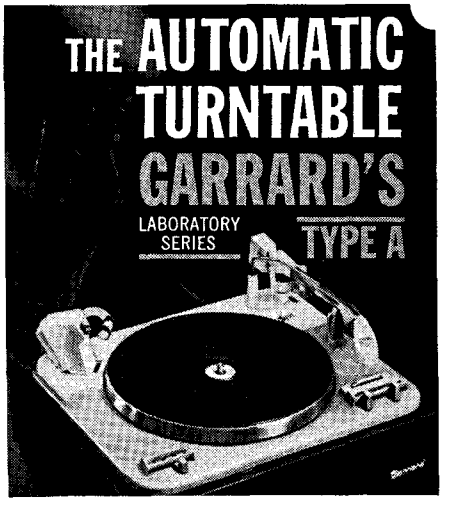

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other contests; and she finds herself in charge of the most important international musical event of the fall.

But, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Many people who accept the stock picture of Texas and Texans find it hard to believe that a musical event planned, financed, and carried out in Texas can be of serious import. They are about to be confounded.

WALTER H. HODGSON,
East Lansing, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See Page* 43.

THE BAYREUTH PIT

IN MR. ROBERT LAWRENCE'S rebuttal (Sept. 29) to my Aug. 25 letter concerning his statement of the reason for Wagner's submerged orchestra at Bayreuth, he quotes his "highly respected source," Lavignac. The quotation offers a not extraordinary orchestral seating plan, and Mr. Lawrence offers a conclusion apparently based on that plan.

Perhaps one critic derives reassurance in quoting another critic, but do not the voluminous writings of Wagner himself provide the most authoritative enlightenment on the subject?

In his preface to the text on "The Ring of the Nibelungs," in 1862, Wagner declared, (English translation), speaking of an ideal presentation: "To complete the impression of such a performance, I should lay great stress upon an invisible orchestra, which it would be impossible to effect by the architectural illusion of an amphi-theatrical arrangement of the auditorium." He states the disadvantages of "mechanical movements of musicians which destroy all illusions."

When his Bayreuth theatre was in construction some years later, Wagner wrote further on the subject in "Das Buhnenfestpielhaus zu Bayreuth," in which his idea of the conccaled orchestra finally arrived at a total rearrangement of the customary auditorium design. Wagner's reference to the resultant acoustical dif-

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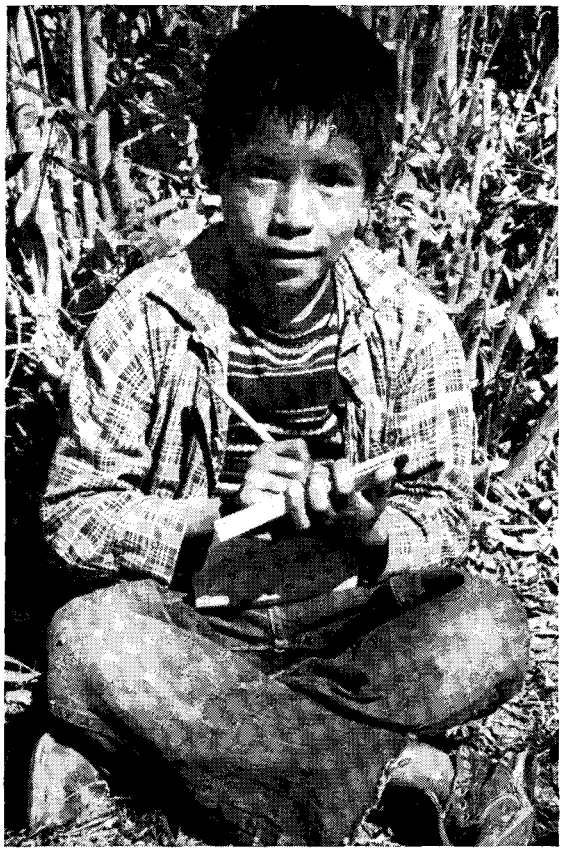

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He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

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The acoustical advantages and shortcomings that resulted from this new concept were adjusted to the preconceived idea of an invisible orchestra as part of the ideal music drama. It is absurd to assume that Wagner or any complete musician would resort to carpentry methods to reduce orchestral power and change sound blendings that can be effected with the musician's daily tools, dynamic markings and performance controls.

If Mr. Lawrence prefers a fellow critic's words to Wagner's own, there is an excellent appraisal on the subject in Paul Bekker's "Richard Wagner" (Norton & Co.), on page 460 in the English version.

May good stereo continue unabated and unsubmerged for Wagner, for Strauss, *et al.*

ERNEST BIRCHENOUGH.
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The practice, however, may well differ from the theory, as demonstrated by generations of conductors who have found the Bayreuth arrangement-by-force a contributing factor to quality.*

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 49

performances of the Brahms concerto I have ever heard. How this international collaboration was arranged, why it was not done with the Philharmonia in London, I can only guess—a matter of schedules, perhaps, or the spacious sound of the recording space utilized (Paris's well-regarded Salle Wagram).

I should like to think that it was the latter, for Oistrakh's is a spacious conception of this work, and the heft and substance of the sound he produces merit room in which to vibrate. It has that, for certain, in this perfectly balanced, wonderfully alive rendering of his instrument among, but still apart from, the others in the ensemble. I cannot say that I have ever associated French orchestral sound with Brahms, but as supervised here by Klemperer it makes for a very good match.

As for Klemperer, his work throughout leaves nothing to be desired. Whether setting a just pace at the beginning, answering an eloquent statement by the soloist with one of his own, or dropping from prominence when the best interests of the musi are thus served, his procedures are those of a master. As the quality of the reproduction has already been indicated, nothing further remains to be said (Joachim cadenzas). —I.K.

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Movies

Continued from page 27

ecure for all of us, and especially the aware, thinking, feeling man." It is not accidental that he chose an architect for his leading character in "L'Avventura," a novelist in "La Notte," an artistically inclined young woman in "The Eclipse." These "thinking, feeling people" are chosen because they represent the dilemmas he is exploring. He finds frustration in all of them, partly caused by constant pressure of competition, by demands no one can measure up to, by the frantic pace of modern life—the bourse, for instance, in "The Eclipse."

"Cinema," he said, "cannot do an exact portrait of reality. The best it can hope to do is create a personal reality. In my case I suggest a new relationship between people and their surroundings. I began as one of the first exponents of neo-realism, and now by concentrating on the internals of character and psychology I do not think I have deserted the movement, but rather have pointed a path towards extending its boundaries. Unlike early neo-realist film-makers, I am not trying to show reality, I am attempting to recreate realism."

When Antonioni began his career th a series of documentaries he was immediately experimental in his approach. He juxtaposed isolated shots and sequences that had no immediate connection with each other but were tied in with a total concept. Later, when working with actors in his first feature film, "Chronicle of a Love" (his first film to be shown in this country, on television, in a mutilated, dubbed version) he tried an approach that consisted of following the actors after a shot was presumed finished. "Often," he said, "they didn't know I was doing this. The after-effects of an emotional scene, it had occurred to me, might have meaning too, both on the actor and on the psychological advancement of the character."

His writing is usually done with collaborators. "My subjects," he said, "are, in a very general sense, autobiographical. The story is first built through discussions with a collaborator. In the case of 'The Eclipse' these discussions went on for four months. The writing was then done by myself, taking perhaps fifteen days. My scripts are not formal screenplays, but rather dialogue for the actors, and a series of notes to the director. When shooting begins, there is invariably a great amount of changing. When I go on the set for a scene I insist on remaining alone for at least twenty minutes. I have no preconceived ideas of how the scene should be done, but wait instead for the ideas to come that will tell me how to begin."

He allowed himself a wintry smile. "While making 'L'Avventura' there was much time for this technique."

—Hollis Alpert.

The Fu Manchurian Candidate

WATCHING John Frankenheimer's gripping adaptation of Richard Condon's "**The Manchurian Candidate**" gave me a curious sense of *déja vu*. An American patrol headed by Frank Sinatra and Laurence Harvey has been captured behind the lines in Korea, and spirited away for some intensive brain-washing by Oriental Communists. Through narcotics, fatigue, and unseen tortures, the men are soon reduced to will-less automatons, open to any suggestion from the Reds' bland, smiling, soft-spoken psychiatric expert. They can fantasize an heroic action that never took place (and for which Harvey will receive a Congressional Medal of Honor). Or they can kill their closest friends with- t the flutter of an eyelid. The brain- ashing completed, the men are returned to their lines, each carrying deep in his psyche the role he will involuntarily play in a Communist master plan to overthrow the U.S.A. and rule the world. A novel idea, to be sure—brilliant, ruthless, and fiendishly simple. And disturbingly familiar, somehow.

Not until the picture was perhaps halfway through its running did that familiarity suddenly spring into recognition. The men are home now. The Red plot has begun to work. We learn that Harvey, who has received his medal, is the son of a domineering, politically ambitious mother, and stepson of the loud-mouthed, dim-witted Senator on whom she has pinned her aspirations. Not only that, as an editor of a weekly news magazine, he is a young man with considerable influence in his own right. But at the sight of the Queen of Diamonds, he is once more the puppet of the Communists. Just to check up on his "mechanism," the psychiatrist puts in a surprise appearance, reveals a bit more of his purpose to a doctor comrade, then smilingly orders Harvey to another purposeless killing. The image snapped into place. This was not Yen Lo, the Red superman, but our old childhood friend, the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu. And if this was epicene, inscrutable, dangerous Dr. Fu, with his incessant, devious schemes for world domination, then the reliable Dr. Petrie and the redoubtable Nailand-Smyth must also be close at hand. And sure enough, they were—in the persons of Sinatra, his commanding officer, and an Army psychiatrist.

Oddly enough, this identification, far from breeding contempt, made "The Manchurian Candidate" a good deal more enjoyable for me. It is always disturbing when melodrama plays fast and loose with serious, even incendiary material. Indeed, the more effectively it is presented, the greater the cause for alarm. And this film is enormously effective. John Frankenheimer, working from George Axelrod's taut script, fills every restless shot with an unrelenting tension, alternates the subtleties of psychological warfare with flare-ups of frightful violence, and at the same time maintains a tone that is seemingly as detached and objective as a newsreel. From all his cast, and particularly from Angela Lansbury as the aggressive mother, Frankenheimer has obtained performances that are keyed to his realist approach. Richard Sylbert's settings and David Amram's unobtrusive score support the picture at every turn. Without question, it is the best-told story of the year. Without question, it is also the most irresponsible.

One would have to be terribly fond of Jackie Gleason to enjoy "**Gigot,**" a one-man show conceived by and starring the rotund comedian. Obviously, *he* is having the time of his life. As an overweight Chaplin, a mute who shuffles about Paris in tramp costume (the landlady for whom he janitors is even more penurious than most French *concièrges*), he has written himself opportunities to do an eccentric dance, to be generous, gallant, brave, kind-hearted, and put upon. Particularly put upon. The street children play tricks on him, the prostitute he has befriended deserts him, and in a fight with two toughs, he is beaten to a bloody pulp. As if that were not enough, the prostitute's (inevitable) little girl, his one true friend, is buried beneath a pile of rubble—solely, one fancies, to permit Gleason the self-indulgence of a mute scream of anguish. "Gigot" is so filled with such excess that, instead of being bound together by the force of Gleason's personality, it is gradually crushed to death by the sheer weight of his egomania. Paris never looked lovelier—nor, despite the presence of a large French supporting cast, more synthetic.

—Arthur Knight.

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Fiction

Continued from page 31

told himself; his students must be told what was happening in much more serious, outspoken and trusting language." In the end, Simonov's theme is perhaps best summed up by Sintsov when he asks Malinin: "What is more valuable: a human being or a piece of paper?" He adds, "And what about the man who tells the truth? Shall we ever learn to trust people fully and completely or is it something we are not interested in?"

For all its fascination and the light it throws on the Soviet war years, present trends, and the psychology of Soviet people, "The Living and the Dead" is not without its faults as a novel. The main characters, such as Sintsov, Serpilin, and Malinin, are convincing enough in action or when discussing immediate topics, but they seem to lack inner dimension and personal background. They are less individual than the characters of, say, "The Death of a Hero," "The Naked and the Dead," or "From Here to Eternity." Nor is their indignation as vocal or desperate. Simonov makes his points with feeling but, on the whole, with great restraint. "The Living and the Dead" is by its nature an episodic and somewhat fragmentary novel. Sintsov and his problems give it its unity and human interest, but these are somewhat dissipated when he reaches Moscow and begins to dissolve in the more objective and impersonal description of the big impending Soviet offensive. However, the book is worth reading, pondering, and contrasting with the war fiction of the West.

Nothing But Tears To Save

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

HOW is it that
Now that the "carriage trade"
Can afford Cadillacs
I can afford carriages?

What happens between
Betweenness that I
Must always be affluent
Fifty years ago?

When will I
Come taut with time
And clean my stalls and stables
And anoint my head with oil?

God, how I miss
The mistresses
I've never had.

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DEFINITIONS

A. What Alice could never have, if she became the White Queen's lady's maid (2 wds.).

B. Specifying communications between the land and a vessel at sea (comp.).

C. A peril to farmhands in the suburbs of early Baltimore.

D. Having power to shut out others.

E. Private secretary to Edison who became a public-utility magnate (1859-1938).

F. Garments attractively smart or stylish (slang).

G. Envelops.

H. Spread abroad as from a center.

I. Embody the salient characteristics of.

J. A weave popular in men's fabrics (WNI, 3rd Ed.).

K. Burbots.

L. First of the "things to be guarded against in a London neighbourhood", acc'g to Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, the next ones being "a lapdog and a parrot".

WORDS

203 31 148 70 118 89 143 42

196 96 14 186 206 112 47 35 127 28 151

158 76 20 55 182 111

87 170 176 150 195 132 209 189 57

1 156 77 131 93 154

86 102 16 95 140 69 4

117 142 113 201 166 13 103

108 54 169 207 172 191 65

126 36 114 84 15 41

48 141 78 144 101 46 40 188 147 85 160

175 90 116 149 49 181 21 61

60 200 128 178 82 66 185 79 9 27

DEFINITIONS

M. Where a Mrs. Holstein of Florida was bitten by a cow, as she sat on a fence (3 wds.; newspaper headline, July 1962).

N. Burn the midnight oil.

O. When Alice might have had the subject of Word A.

P. Conclusion drawn by logical process.

Q. Exhibit a play of colors, like an oil slick on water.

R. Question as to partisanship (2 wds.).

S. A wedding.

T. Luminescence of decaying wood (2 wds.).

U. Where the knight-errant wished to go (3 wds.).

V. Flushed.

W. Any of the first four books of the New Testament; glad tidings.

X. One use of fifty-fifty (2 wds.).

Y. State of being existent genuine, etc.

Z The other time when Alice would have been allowed the subject of Word A.

WORDS

163 32 174 192 110 146 8 58 208

94 50 164 204 64 83 59 30 73

22 121 162 130 68 171 38 100

52 62 33 135 199 2 17 23 98

123 75 165 51 99 134 104 190

34 71 179 159 53 136 109 211 193

168 24 197 7 3 92 122 205

81 105 74 37 198 187 72

67 202 167 180 19 107 29 184

129 43 26 91 56 119 153 63

124 6 183 137 97 11

88 106 80 5 18 177 115 25 139 133

39 161 44 12 138 152 125

155 210 194 120 157 45 145 10 173

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 E	2 P	■	3 S	4 F	■	5 X	6 W	7 S	■	8 M	9 L	■	10 Z	11 W	12 Y	■	13 G							
14 B	15 I	16 F	17 P	18 X	19 U	20 C	21 K	■	22 O	23 P	■	24 S	25 X	26 V	27 L	28 B	29 U							
30 N	31 A	32 M	33 P	■	34 R	35 B	36 I	■	37 T	38 O	39 Y	40 J	41 I	■	42 A	43 V	44 Y							
45 Z	46 J	■	47 B	48 J	49 K	50 N	51 Q	52 P	■	53 R	54 H	55 C	56 V	■	57 D	58 M	59 N							
60 L	61 K	62 P	63 V	■	64 N	65 H	66 L	67 U	68 O	69 F	■	70 A	71 R	72 T	■	73 N	74 T							
75 Q	76 C	77 E	78 J	79 L	80 X	■	81 T	82 L	83 N	■	84 I	85 J	■	86 F	87 D	88 X	89 A							
90 K	91 V	■	92 S	93 E	94 N	■	95 F	96 B	97 W	■	98 P	99 Q	100 O	■	101 J	102 F	103 G							
104 Q	105 T	106 X	107 U	108 H	109 R	110 M	111 C	■	112 B	113 G	■	114 I	115 X	116 K	117 G	118 A	119 V							
120 Z	121 O	122 S	123 Q	124 W	125 Y	■	126 I	127 B	■	128 L	129 V	130 O	131 E	132 D	133 X	■	134 Q							
135 P	136 R	137 W	138 Y	139 X	140 F	141 J	142 G	■	143 A	144 J	145 Z	■	146 M	147 J	148 A	149 K	150 D							
151 B	152 Y	153 V	154 E	155 Z	■	156 E	157 Z	158 C	■	159 R	160 J	161 Y	162 O	163 M	164 N	165 Q	166 G							
■	167 U	168 S	169 H	■	170 D		171 O	172 H	173 Z	■	174 M	175 K	176 D	177 X	178 L	179 R	180 U							
181 K	182 C	183 W	■	184 U	185 L	■	186 B	187 T	188 J	189 D	190 Q	■	191 H	192 M	193 R	■	194 Z							
195 D	196 B	197 S	198 T	199 P	200 L	201 G	202 U	■	203 A	204 N	205 S	206 B	207 H	208 M	209 D	210 Z	211 R							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	(10)
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
(25)	26	27	28	29	(30)	

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	(15)
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	(29)

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SA
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	(11)	1
13	14	15	16	17	(18)	1
20	21	22	23	24	25	2
27	28	29	30	(31)		

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